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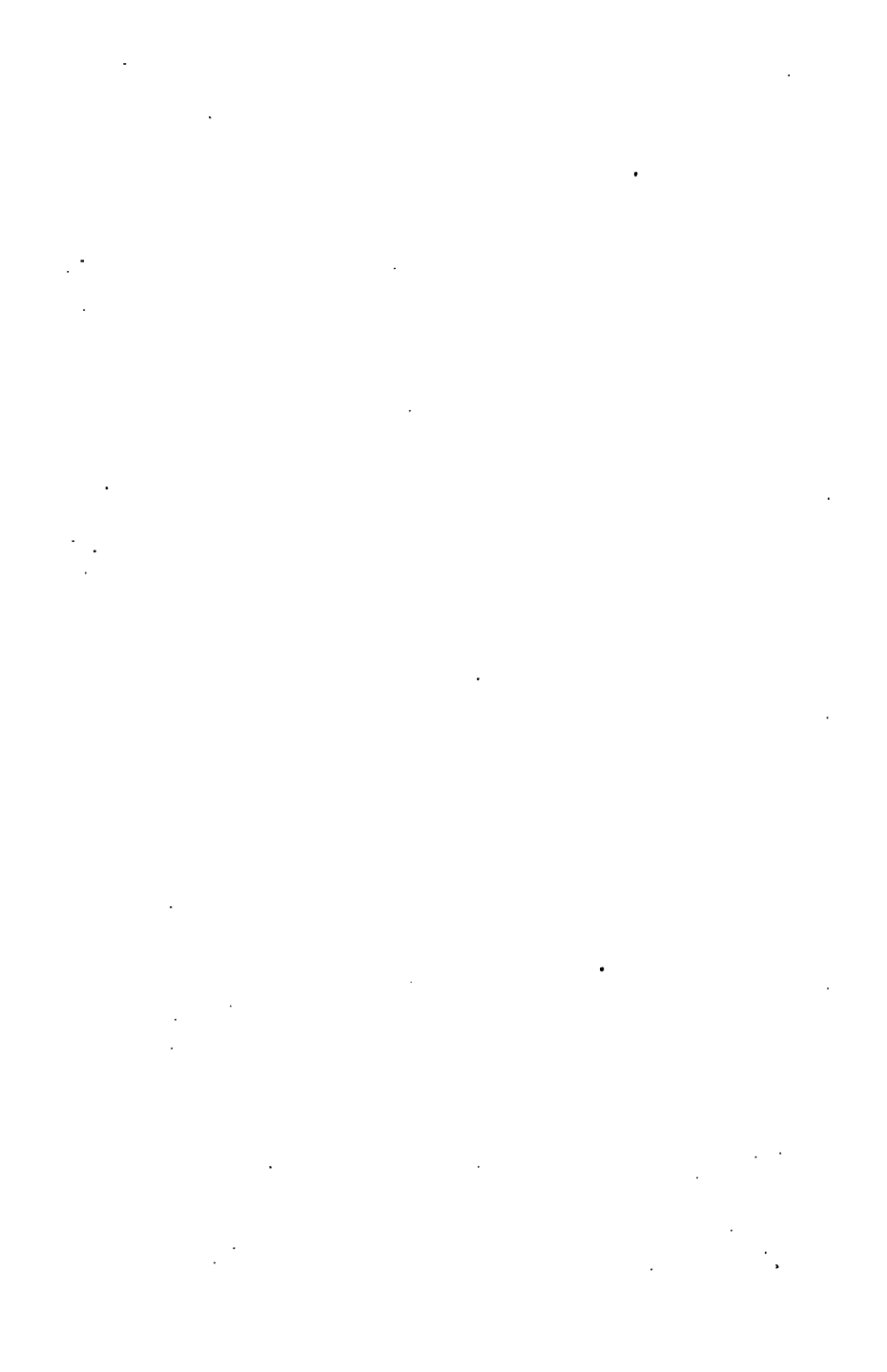
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THE CONTINENTAL READERS

THE
CONTINENTAL
FOURTH READER

BY
WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL
AUTHOR OF "READING SPELLERS."

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN
VICE-PRINCIPAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

MANY new educational features occur in the "Continental Fourth Reader."

Much care has been given to the selection of proper matter for lessons. It is well known that whatever interests the learner, incites him to further and more careful study.

Both in matter and style, a great variety of lessons is presented in this book.

The plan of the preceding books of this Series of Readers, to give as much *general information* as possible, has been faithfully and practically continued. Any one, pupil or adult, can read this book with interest and profit.

It has been specially prepared to furnish the pupil with models of style; to give him gems of thought from the best authors; to give him examples of virtue, moral courage, and self-sacrifice, thus forming his character.

The educational features are extended, practical, helpful, and instructive. Only such matter has found place in the Language Lessons, that directly

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aids in understanding and reading our mother-tongue.

This book exceeds all others in the amount and kind of assistance it offers in the use and pronunciation of words.

1. Many new words are pronounced and defined at the head of the lessons.

2. Spelling lessons are arranged to accompany the lessons. In this way, special attention is called to the difficult words, and the selection is not left to the untrained eye of the pupil.

3. Technical and geographical terms are pronounced.

4. The Exercises in Synonyms will be a valuable aid; these will be appreciated most largely by teachers whose pupils do not have dictionaries at hand.

Many short biographical sketches of authors, and others, are given. They occupy very little space, and afford great opportunity for instruction and character building.

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INTRODUCTION.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the science and art of expressing thought by speaking or reading.

Elocution, as commonly taught, is threefold: *cultivation of voice; cultivation of taste and judgment; the practice of graceful and expressive action.*

The **Cultivation** of the **Voice** embraces a practical knowledge of the following subjects:—

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pronunciation. | 5. Movement. |
| 2. Emphasis. | 6. Pitch. |
| 3. Force. | 7. Quality of Voice. |
| 4. Inflection. | 8. Pauses. |

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the speaking of words.

It includes,

1. Articulation.
2. Accent.

Articulation is the distinct and correct utterance of the elementary sounds of a language.

These sounds may be given singly or in combination.

The **Organs of Speech** that need careful attention, and constant and judicious exercise to produce the sounds are:—

The mouth.

The lips.

The tongue.

The nose.

The throat.

In order to articulate easily and correctly, one must have complete control of these organs; he must be able to mold the voice that is produced in the larynx into all the possible sounds required.

Children must be shown how to place, and how to use these organs of speech, to make the different elementary sounds.

In school, correct articulation may be taught in three ways: by *imitation*; by *correcting the errors* of pupils; by *phonic analysis*.

Pupils should have frequent drill upon the elementary sounds. This exercise is the basis of all distinct articulation and correct pronunciation.

The number of elementary sounds, as usually given, in the English language is forty-four.

These sounds are represented by letters, and characters called diacritical marks.

The sounds may be divided into vocals, sub-vocals, and aspirates.

The *vocals* have pure tone; the *subvocals* have a little tone; the *aspirates* are toneless, mere breathings.

The letters may be divided into vowels and consonants.

The *vowels* are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*.

The *consonants* are the remaining letters of the *alphabet*.

VOWEL SOUNDS OR VOCALS.

LONG VOCALS.

1. ā, as in aim, ail.
2. â, as in air, care.
3. ä, as in arm, farm.
4. a, as in all, ball.
5. ē, as in me, eat.
6. û, as in fur.
7. ô, as in no, owe.
8. oo, as in ooze, too.

SHORT VOCALS.

9. ĩ, as in it, ill.
10. ě, as in let, end.
11. ǫ, as in not, odd.
12. ŭ, as in up, cup.
13. ă, as in add, sad.
14. ą, as in ask, dance.
15. ʊ, as in full, food.

COMPOUND VOWELS OR DIPHTHONGS.

16. I or $\widehat{a\bar{e}}$, as in ice, lie.
17. ū or \widehat{yoo} , as in mute, use.
18. oi or \widehat{ai} , as in oil, boil.
19. ou or \widehat{ao} , as in out, sound.

SUB-VOCALS.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| b, as in boy, babe. | l, as in lo, will. |
| d, as in did, rod. | r, as in roar, row. |
| g, as in go, gag. | m, as in maim, moon. |
| ġ, as in gem, judge. | n, as in no, noon. |
| v, as in veer, valve. | ng, as in sing, ring. |
| th, as in this, breathe. | w, as in we, war. |
| z, as in zone, zeal. | y, as in yard, yet. |
| zh, as in azure, seizure. | |

ASPIRATES.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| p, as in pipe, pin. | ch, as in which, church. |
| t, as in tin, tent. | s, as in see, sun. |
| k, as in kill, kick. | sh, as in shall, shine. |
| f, as in fife, stiff. | h, as in hat, hut. |
| th, as in thin, think. | wh (hw), as in what, whence. |

LIST OF EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

ą like ǫ, as in <i>what</i> .	ó like ů, as in <i>cóme</i> .
ê like â, as in <i>whêre</i> .	ô like ă, as in <i>fôr</i> .
ę like ă, as in <i>prey</i> .	oó like ȳ, as in <i>foód</i> .
ě like û, as in <i>hěr</i> .	ȳ like ĭ, as in <i>bȳ</i> .
ĩ like ô, as in <i>sír</i> .	ý like ĭ, as in <i>storȳ</i> .
q like oó, as in <i>móve</i> .	ew like ů, as in <i>nêw</i> .

CONSONANTS.

c like k, as in <i>căke</i> .	ş like z, as in <i>hăş</i> .
ç like s, as in <i>făçe</i> .	x like ks, as in <i>ox</i> .
j like ġ, as in <i>judġe</i> .	ŋ like ng, as in <i>thiŋk</i> .

EXERCISES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

- ă = ăi, ăo, ău, ăy, eă, ęi, ęy, ęigh, uet, et.
ġrăin, ġăol, ġăuġe, dăy, steăk, skęin, prey, eight,
bouquet' (kă), and crochet' (shă).
- ě = ee, ăa, ęi, ęo, ęy, uay, ĭ, iě.
queen, shăaf, re cęive', pęo'ple, kęy, quay (kě),
machĭne', and liěġe.
- ĩ = e, ee, eĩ, eỹ, ĩa, aĩ, u, uĩ, ỹ, oĩ, ĩe.
pret'ty, En'ġlish, breech'es, for'eign, sur'feit,
mon'eỹ, jour'neỹ, car'riage, eur'tain, ęer'tain,
let'tuġe, bus'ỹ, bis'euĩt, ęĩr'euĩt, pól'i ęỹ, tȳr'toise,
and mis'chief.
- ě = a, ai, ay, ăa, ęi, ęo, iě, uě, u.
Thames (tĕmz), a gain' (ġĕn), said (sĕd), sayş (sĕz),
fĕath'er, lĕad, hĕif'er, jĕop'ard y, lĕop'ard, friĕnd,
ġuĕst, and bur'ial.
- ũ = ó, óe, óo, óu.
spóuge, tóngue, wón'der, dóes, flóod, blóod,
yóung, róugh (rũf), and tóugh (tũf).

6. *ō* = *ōa*, *ōe*, *ōo*, *ōu*, *ōw*, *aut*, *eau*, *eō*, *ew*.

erōak, *shōar*, *rōe*, *hōe*, *dōor*, *flōor*, *brōoch*,
sōurçe, *dōugh*, *knōw*, *bōwl*, *haut'boy* (*hō*),
beau (*bō*), *pla teau'* (*tō*), *tab leau'* (*lō*), *yeō'man*,
shew (*shō*), and *sew*.

7. *i* = *aī*, *eīe*, *īe*, *eī*, *uī*, *uī*, *yī*, *yī*.

aīsle (*īl*), *eīye* (*ī*), *erīes*, *īe*, *gūīde*, *dis guīse'*, *eī'ther*
 or *ēi'ther*, *neī'ther* or *nēi'ther*, *gūī*, *stīle*, *tīpe*,
 and *rīe*.

In the following words the vowel sounds are often misused:—

since, *just*, *yes*, *yet*, *creek*, *cellar*, *my*, *shrill*,
shriek, *when*, *whip*, *whirl*, *morning*, *evening*,
fellow, *yellow*, *pillow*, *heard*; *civil*, *satin*, *rosin*,
chicken, *kitchen*, *travel*; *basin*, *raisin*, *cousin*,
evil, *hazel*, *heaven*, and *even*.

ACCENT.

Accent is the stress placed upon syllables to make them distinct.

This stress may be placed by increasing the time of saying the syllable, by a greater force upon it, and by raising the pitch of the accented syllable.

Accents are *primary* and *secondary*.

In the English language, every word of more than one syllable has one of its syllables accented; sometimes a second syllable has special stress laid upon it.

The following words afford examples of accent:—

com'pound (<i>n.</i>)	blas'phe mous (<i>a.</i>)
com pound' (<i>v.</i>)	blas phem'ing (<i>v.</i>)
ac'cent (<i>n.</i>)	min'ute (<i>n.</i>)
ac cent' (<i>v.</i>)	mi nute' (<i>a.</i>)
Au'gust (<i>n.</i>)	in tend'
au gust' (<i>a.</i>)	su'per in tend'

SENTENCES FOR ARTICULATION.

1. Air, earth, and sea resound His praise.
2. He may pray, but it will be all in vain.
3. We must believe to be saved.
4. Father, thy hand hath reared these venerable columns.
5. Urge not high birth, but modest worth.
6. The blood oozed from his ghastly wound.
7. Inch by inch we will dispute the ground.
8. I would never lay down my arms, *never!*
NEVER! NEVER!
9. This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.
10. The lark carols clear in yonder sphere.
11. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone.
12. Clasp ing to his heart his boy, he fainted on the deck.
13. Full many a gem of purest ray serene.
14. Bound thy desires by thy means.
15. He knew that to tear the new dress was wrong.
16. Renew it o'er and o'er.
17. Despair not of success in the darkest hour.
18. Verily, verily, I say unto you.
19. He has reached the zenith of his glory.
20. Round the rude ring, the ragged rascal ran.
21. Rich, ripe, round fruit hung round the room.
22. Wave your tops, ye pines, in praise and worship.
23. Now none so poor to do him reverence.
24. Was ever a woman in this humor wooed?
25. Three thousand thistles were thrust through *his thumb.*

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a peculiar utterance given to *words* in a sentence to draw attention to them.

Emphasis may be given by an increase of *Force*, by a change in the *Quality*, *Inflection*, *Pitch*, or *Movement*.

"Emphasis is in speech what coloring is in painting."

The proper use of Emphasis in reading gives a variety of tone and expression that awakens animation and interest.

EXAMPLES.

LARGE CAPITALS, SMALL CAPITALS, and *Italics*, respectively indicate the *highest*, *medium*, and *lowest* degrees of emphasis.

Go ring the *bells*, and fire the *guns*,
And fling the *starry banners* out;
Shout "FREEDOM" till your *lispings ones*
Give back their *cradle* shout.

Strike—till the last *armed foe* expires;
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your *fires*;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your *sires*;
God, and your *native land*!

Thou *slave*! thou *wretch*! thou *coward*!
Arm! ARM! ye heavens, against these perjured
kings!

Hurrah, HURRAH, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, HURRAH, for horse and man!

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes,
and said, "*Captain, the ship is on fire.*"

Then was heard "*Fire*! FIRE! FIRE!" on ship-
board.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of strength or weakness of the voice.

Volume and loudness are dependent upon force.

Volume is measured by the amount of space filled with the sound. **Loudness** is measured by the distance at which a sound can be heard. The tones of the organ are examples of volume; the notes of a fife are examples of loudness.

SUBDUED FORCE; SOFT OR GENTLE.

Tread lightly, comrades! Ye have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life, save deeper light and shade,—
We'll not disturb them now.

Tread lightly! for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull;
Its slumber we will keep!

LOUD FORCE.

Come back, come back, Horatius!
Loud cried the Fathers, all—
Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruins fall!

Up drawbridge; groom; what warder; ho!
Let the portcullis fall.

SUPPRESSED FORCE.

Hark! James, listen! for I must not speak loud,
I do not wish John to hear what I am saying.

Step softly; speak low, make no noise.

Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim.
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O, I am
so dry!

Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother,
don't you cry.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O give relief! and Heaven will bless your store!

INFLECTION.

Inflection is an upward or downward slide of the voice.

Inflections are of two kinds: the *rising* and the *falling*.

The *rising inflection* is a gliding of the voice upward, and is marked (').

The *falling inflection* is a gliding of the voice downward, and is marked (').

The *circumflex* is the union of the rising and falling inflections, and is marked by the caret (^v).

Monotone is the sameness of tone, and it is produced by the absence of inflection and emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

Will they do it'? Dare they do it'?

Who is speaking'? What's the news'?

What of Adams'? What of Sherman'?

God grant they won't refuse'!

O my son Absalom'! my son', my son Absalom'!
Would God I had died for thee, Absalom', my son',
my son'!

If I were an American', as I am an Englishman', while a foreign troop was in my country', I never' would lay down my arms'—*never*'! NEVER'! NEVER'!

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 Across this stormy water;
 "And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
 My daughter! O, my daughter!"

MOVEMENT.

Movement of voice is the rate with which words are uttered.

The three principal degrees of movement are:—

1. *Moderate*; 2. *Slow*; 3. *Rapid*.

The *first* is used in the delivery of *narrative*, *descriptive*, and *unimpassioned* thought.

The *second* is used to express *grief*, *doubt*, *solemnity*, *seriousness*, *reverence*, *horror*, and *awe*.

The *third* is used to express *mirth*, *joy*, *animation*, *cheerfulness*; *hate*, *anger*, and *excited emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet.

Wide as the world is His command,

Vast as eternity His love;

Firm as a rock His truth shall stand,

When rolling years shall cease to move.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of loudness or lowness of the voice.

The three principal degrees of pitch are:—

1. *Medium*; 2. *Low*; 3. *High*.

The *first* best expresses *narration* and *description*.

The *second* best expresses *sorrow, pathos, solemnity, reverence, seriousness, devotion, awe, and grandeur*.

The *third* best expresses *joy, gayety, earnestness, animation, delight, shouting, calling, commanding, and all impassioned thought*.

EXAMPLES.

HIGH PITCH.

I come! I come! Ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

From "Voice of Spring."—MRS. HEMANS.

LOW PITCH.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain!
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage; save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
known.

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality of Voice relates to the purity or impurity of the tone.

The five principal tones are:—1. *Pure*; 2. *Aspirated*; 3. *Orotund*; 4. *Guttural*; 5. *Nasal*.

Pure tones are produced when all the breath is vocalized.

Aspirated tones are produced by vocalizing *only part* of the breath.

Orotund is pure tone used in impassioned utterance by means of increased volume of voice. The tone is full, round, deep, and musical.

The *Guttural* tones are harsh, rough, and discordant, with their resonance in the throat.

The *Nasal* tones seem to have their resonance in the nose.

EXAMPLES.

PURE TONE.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

ASPIRATED.

Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still!
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

OROTUND.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

GUTTURAL.

Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?

From "Merchant of Venice."—SHAKESPEARE.



LESSON I.

elěv'er, *having skill or talent.*

bōn'bōng, *candies; sweetmeats.*

spīt, *an iron prong for roasting meat.*

a chiěvə', *to do; to accomplish.*

eōūrt, *the king's palace.*

ār is tōe'ra cīeș, *the chief classes of people.*

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

At a rich merchant's house there was a children's party; and the children of rich people and the children of great people were there.

The merchant was a learned man; for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been a cattle-dealer, and being always honest and industrious, he had made money; and his son, the merchant, had managed to increase his store.

Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money.

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Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money.

All kinds of people visited at the merchant's house, some who had "birth," as it is called, and some who had "mind," and some who had both, and some who had neither.

But to-day it was a children's party; and there was children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among the young visitors was a beautiful little girl, who was very proud; but this had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

Her father was Groom of the Chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said;—and then she told the other children that she was well-born, and said that no one who was not well-born could rise in the world. It was of no use to read and be industrious, for if a person had not "birth," he could never achieve anything.

"And those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be anything at all."

But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her *father's name* was Madsen, and she knew

that the name ended in "sen"; and therefore she said, as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons, and give them away. Can your papa afford to do that?"

"Ah, but my papa," said the little daughter of an editor and writer,—"my papa can put your papa and her papa, and everybody's papa, into the newspaper! Think of that! All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the paper."

And the little maiden looked very proud, as if she were a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

Meanwhile, outside the door, which stood open, was a poor boy, peeping in through the chink. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the beautifully dressed children, who were having such a merry time within.

"Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he, and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make

him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one; and worst of all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well. That was sad indeed! And then this "birth,"—what could it mean? Had he not been born like everybody else?

This is what happened on that evening.

* * * * *

Many years passed, and most of the children became grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful furniture and works of art. Everybody wished to see it, and people came in even from the country round to view the treasures it contained.

Which of the children whose prattle we have described was the owner of this house? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no, it is not so very easy.

The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door. He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen," for it was Thorwaldsen.

And the three little girls,—the children of the three aristocracies, of birth, of money, and of intellect? Well, something good and pleasant was made out of all three, for all three were good at heart.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LESSON II.

stār'-spān'gled, <i>spangled, or studded with stars.</i>	rām'pārts, <i>the walls of a fort.</i>
bōmb's, bōmb'shēll's, <i>hollow, cast-iron balls filled with an explosive, and bursting when they strike.</i>	hōst, <i>a great multitude.</i>
	hir'e'ling, <i>one who is hired for wages.</i>
	vāunt'ing lŷ, <i>in a boasting manner.</i>

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early
light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twi-
light's last gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there;

Oh! say does that star-spangled banner yet
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave!

On that shore dimly seen through the
mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread
silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the
towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now
discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the
stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may
it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's
confusion,

A home and a country should leave us no
more?

Their blood has washed out their foul
footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freeman shall
stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the
Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust"—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Spell:—

mīsts	dīm'ly	trī'ūmph	vīe'to rŷ
foul	rōk'ets	free'mēn	dēs'o lā'tion
twī'light	bāt'tles	sī'lençə	pōl lū'tion
hālled	rēf'ūçə	mōt'tō	pēr'il ōs
re flect'ed		tow'er Ing	

Synonyms.—*gallantly*—bravely; nobly. *conceals*—hides; obscures. *foe*—enemy; opponent. *rescued*—saved; freed; liberated. *conquer*—subdue; overcome; defeat. *havoc*—destruction; devastation; waste. *Star-spangled Banner*—American flag; national ensign; stars and stripes; flag; banner.

Origin.—"During the tremendous bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814, Francis S. Key lay in a little vessel under the British admiral's frigate. He had visited the fleet for the purpose of obtaining an exchange of some prisoners of war, especially of one who was a personal friend, and was directed to remain till after the action. During the day, his eye had rested eagerly on that low fortification, over which the flag of his country was flying; he watched with the intensest anxiety the progress of each shell in its flight, rejoicing when it fell short of its aim, and filled with fear as he saw it descend without exploding within those silent enclosures. At night, he still stood straining his eyes through the gloom, to catch by the light of the blazing shells, a glimpse of his country's flag. The early dawn found him still a watcher; and there, to the music of bursting shells, and the roar of cannon, he composed 'The Star-spangled Banner.'"—*Headley's Second War with England.*

Adoption of the Flag.—Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, "Resolved;—That the flag of the thirteen United States, be thirteen stripes, alternate red, and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." In 1818, upon the suggestion of the Hon. Mr. Wendover, of N. Y., Congress resolved that a new star be added to the "constellation" upon the admission of every new state.

Questions on the Lesson.—How old is our *national ensign*? What meaning is there in the "*stars and stripes*"? How many stars in the first *flag*? How many stars has our *banner* now? Who composed the words of *Star-spangled Banner*? When? What circumstance does it commemorate? How have men and women proved their love for the flag? Why *do* we, and *should* we love the flag of our country? What flag did Jasper rescue at Fort Moultrie?

Our boys and girls should be required to learn the words and music of the *Star-spangled Banner*. It is the most patriotic of our national songs. It ought to be sung in all the schools of our country. Love of country, of flag, and of national songs should be early instilled into the minds and hearts of the youth of the nation.

LESSON III.

tăet, the ability to do or to say the right thing at the right time.	môr' tal lŷ, deadly, fatally.
striet' ūres, censure; unkind criticism.	em bār' rass, to confuse; to abash.
	ăn' ee dôts, an interesting fact.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

R. W. EMERSON.

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A good listener has oftener a better chance to be agreeable than a good talker.

GEORGE ELIOT (MRS. LEWES).

Leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

O. W. HOLMES.

POLITENESS.

Self-denial has a large share in making up good manners. One must sacrifice his own comfort or convenience, for the sake of others, in thousands of ways.

One must often give up a seat in the car; one must wait at table, or serve others, when one is hungry; one must listen when one would rather talk, or be obliged to entertain, when one would prefer to be entertained.

Good manners insist upon our leaving the largest piece of cake for some one else; and call upon us to step aside, in order that our companions may have the first, and best chance, to go forward.

A person may, however, make all of these sacrifices, and still be very impolite; his manner may be so cold, or so ungracious, that his courtesy offends more than it pleases.

A really well-bred person will learn to perform all these duties pleasantly, whether he likes to do them, or not: but, to a really polite person, these small self-denials, these "petty sacrifices," are not unpleasant to make.

Springing from a kind heart, every such sacrifice is a generous offering, which carries its reward in itself, and "blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Nobly unselfish, was that last act of

kindness which closed the life of Sir Philip Sidney—a life all gentleness and courtesy.

As he was being carried wounded from the battle-field of Zutphen, he complained of thirst. A bottle of water was procured for him with difficulty from a distance. As he was about to drink, he was touched by the wishful look of a soldier who lay mortally wounded on the ground close by, and, taking the water untasted from his lips, he handed it to the poor soldier with these words:—"Take it, friend; thy necessity is greater than mine."

In society, that person is really the most polite, who puts you most entirely at your ease; who makes it natural for you to talk, or agreeable for you to listen; and, who sends you away, not only delighted with him, but pleased with yourself.

If he has made sacrifices, you were not conscious of them. You admire him; but he has not dazzled you. You respect him; but he has not overawed you. He has been very attentive; but not in a way to embarrass you.

But, true politeness grows out of a kind desire to make those around us comfortable

and happy, and may be found, like the diamond, "in the rough."

Not only must we desire the comfort and happiness of others, but we must have a quick eye to detect their discomforts, and a willingness to relieve them.

There was this ready courtesy in Dr. Franklin; and, upon no occasion, was it shown with more tact, than in the amusing anecdote which he related to Thomas Jefferson, when that gentleman was suffering under the criticisms and amendments, offered during the violent debate preceding the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Franklin, sitting near Mr. Jefferson and seeing him agonized under the strictures, comforted him with this anecdote:—

"I have made it a rule to avoid drawing up papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from this incident:—When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself.

"His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. *He composed it in these words,—‘John*

Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money.' A figure of a hat was subjoined. But he thought he would submit the inscription to his friends for amendments.

"The first to whom he showed it, thought the word 'hatter' not necessary, because it was followed by the words 'makes hats;' it was struck out. The next observed that the word 'makes' might be omitted, because his customers wouldn't care who made the hats, if they were good; he struck 'makes' out.

"A third said he thought the words 'for ready money' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit; they were parted with, and the sign now read,—*'John Thompson sells hats.'*

"'Sells hats!' cried his next friend. 'Why, nobody expects you to give them away!' 'Sells' was stricken out, and 'hats' also, because there was a hat painted on the board; so, the sign was reduced finally to *John Thompson*, with the figure of a hat."

In this kind way, Dr. Franklin drew Mr. Jefferson's attention from the annoying debate.

LESSON IV.

sîrè, *father ; king.*eôurt'ier, *a member of a prince-
ly court.*vi'ands, *food ; victuals.*dîe'tâtè, *to suggest.*flât'ter ý, *praise not well deserved.*eûlt'ûrè, *discipline of mind ;
refinement.*

POLITENESS—Continued.

Even better, than an eye quick to detect discomforts, is a thoughtful mind, alert and able to foresee what might embarrass another, and having the ready tact to avert the unpleasant occurrence.

A boy-prince of Wûrtemberg was traveling on horseback through the kingdom, in company with several noblemen of the court.

Arriving, in the hot noon-day, at a little village, a sweet young peasant girl offered the prince, from the road-side, a bottle of wine, and some fruits for refreshment. Receiving them from her hand, the young prince, before partaking himself, politely passed the viands to his companions, who quickly made way with both the fruit and the wine.

At once the prince foresaw the confusion which the young girl would feel in not *being able to furnish a fresh supply for*

himself, and gracefully leaning from his saddle, he kissed the brow of the young girl, saying,—“The choicest of all refreshments, I take for myself!” Whereupon, he quickly rode on, followed by his envious companions.

Some writer has called politeness, “a delicate kind of flattery.” Such a definition may well describe the gallant conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh toward the vain Queen Elizabeth.

The queen, out walking, came to a wet and muddy spot through which she hesitated to step with her dainty feet. Sir Walter, who happened to be near, instantly took from his shoulders his costly velvet mantle, and spread it upon the muddy ground, thus making a carpet over which the royal feet stepped perfectly safe and dry.

Of course, such courtly attention was not overlooked by the queen, and Sir Walter was ever after one of her favorite courtiers.

Again, nothing could be neater, or more becoming the future courtier, than the reply of the boy Francis Bacon, to the inquiry of Queen Elizabeth concerning his age. “I

am two years younger than Your Majesty's happy reign," said he.

A kind heart, though uncultured, is quick to see and to feel what may be agreeable or disagreeable to another; but it requires the culture of the heart to dictate just what to do or say at the right time, and tact to know just how to do, or say it.

Natural tact and delicacy were shown by the little peasant girl in her charming answer to the question put to her by King Frederick of Prussia. The king, paying a visit to a village school, held up an orange, and said, "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied a bright little girl.

"And this?" continued the king, holding up a piece of gold money.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom, then, do I belong?" the king asked, expecting her to say, "To the animal kingdom."

The little girl, looking up into his kind face, sweetly replied, "To the kingdom of Heaven, Sire."

That, too, was a pretty reply which was

made by the little girl who opened the door to let Gen. Washington pass out. In answer to his "Thank you, my dear!" she said, "I wish, sir, it was to let you in."

Spell:

să'e'ri fică(fiz) em băr'rasă a lărt' dī'a mōnd
 eōn vĕn'iençă ăġ'o nīzəd vī'andș ap prĕn'tiçă
 ūn ġră'ciouș ěn'vi đūs dăz'złəd dĕl'i ea çy
 ěn'ter tăĭn' erĭt'i çĭșm mĭn'eral a mĕnd'ment

Synonyms.—*inquiry*—question; query; research. *answer*—reply; response. *petty*—little; trifling; small. *courtesy*—politeness; civility; good breeding. *procured*—got; obtained; acquired; attained. *detect*—discover; expose; to find out. *related*—told; recited; narrated; recounted.

Questions on the Lesson.—What says Emerson about good manners? Can you name sacrifices which you have made for the sake of good manners? Did it give you pleasure, or annoyance, to make these sacrifices? What does Chesterfield mean? Why should one not display his knowledge? Good talkers like to meet what people? Do good listeners like to meet good talkers? Are there more talkers than listeners in the world? Does Holmes think we ought to report unpleasant things, even if they are true? What is tact? Can you give examples of tact?

CAPITAL LETTERS.

1. Why are *Sir Walter Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Francis, Frederick, Gen., Prussia, Heaven, and Sire* written with capital letters?
2. Why are the words "*To*" on page 36 and the word "*Thank*" on page 37, introducing quotations, written with capital letters?

LESSON V.

peas'ant, a countryman who
labors.

dole, a share; a portion.

heathen, an irreligious per-
son.

thrilled, affected; pierced.

elois'ter, a secluded place for
religious study.

war'bling, singing in a trilling
manner.

de vo'tion, affection; consecra-
tion.

WALTER'S BIRDS.

Many years ago, there lived in Germany a poet named Walter of Vogelweide, who sang so sweetly that the great ladies at court and the poor peasants in the field loved alike to listen to him.

"Walter sings like a bird," they said; and this was the praise he valued most; for, of all things on earth, the little birds were dearest to his heart.

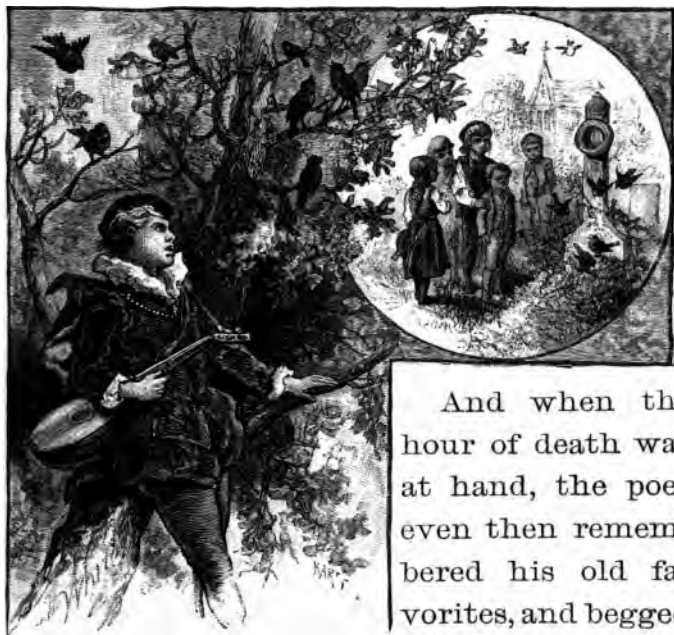
He was very gentle and very gay, and he was noted specially for three things: a great pity for the poor heathen, a great devotion and reverence for right and truth, and a great love for flowers and birds.

When Winter came, and the swallows flew away to the South, Walter's heart was heavy and downcast.

"The hoar-frost thrilled the little birds with pain,
And they forgot to sing,"

he wrote sadly in one of his poems.

When Spring returned, and the green woods rang with merry chirping, Walter was happy as a lark, and would wander abroad for days, listening to his feathered friends, and matching his own clear notes with theirs.



And when the hour of death was at hand, the poet even then remembered his old favorites, and begged that he might be buried under a linden tree in the cloister of Wurzburg Minster, where the robin and the thrush loved to nest.

And he left his little fortune to the monks upon two conditions: that they would think

and speak of him daily, and every day feed the birds upon his grave.

So for many, many years, in times of peace and times of war, a dole of bread was scattered each morning over the tomb where Walter lay, and hundreds of little birds collected there to feed.

And the spot grew famous, and strangers came from all parts of Germany to visit the poet's resting-place, and to listen to the little songsters that repeated over and over again, in their joyous warblings, the name of Vogelweide.

No one ever threw a stone at them, no one ever disturbed their glee.

Even the children would not harm them; but stood by gently, with fingers on their lips, whispering to one another, "They are Walter's birds."

MISS AGNES REPLIER.

Spell:—

dōlə	vāl'ūəd	chīrp'ing	eōl lēet'ed
mōnk	de vō'tion	dīs tūrbed'	scāt'terəd
thrilled	re tūrned'	fēath'erəd	war'blings
clois'ter	swal'lōws	eon dī'tions	vīs'it

Gēr'ma nŷ
Vō'gel wēide

Wurz'burg Mīn'ster
Hūn'ga rŷ (Hūng'ga rŷ)

LESSON VI.

rē'cent, *late ; new ; fresh.*thrōng, *a press ; crowd.*hū'man bē'ings, *mankind.*meek, *mild of temper ; gentle.*lā'd'le, *the Scotch for boy.*glānce, *a sudden look of the eye.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down in the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels, or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

and speak of him daily, and every day feed the birds upon his grave.

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MISS AGNES REPPLIER.

Spell:—

dōlə	vāl'ūəd	chīrp'ing	eōl lēet'ed
mōnk	de vō'tion	dīs tūrbed'	scāt'terəd
thrilled	re tūrnəd'	fēath'ered	war'blings
elois'ter	swal'lōws	eon dī'tions	vis'it

Gēr'ma nŷ
Vō'gel wēidə

Wurz'burg Mīn'ster
Hūn'ga rŷ (Hūng'ga rŷ)

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Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels, or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group ;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
“I’ll help you across if you wish to go.”

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his gay young friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For all she’s aged, and poor, and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she’s poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “somebody’s mother” bowed low her
head

In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was : “God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody’s son, and pride, and joy.”

Spell :—

grôup	cār'rage	wheelg	free'dóm
wòm'an	lāugh'ter	sómē'bod ŷ's	bowēd
rāg'ged	ō'ferēd	prāyer	hōrs'es
ānx'ioūs	whīs'perēd	slīp'per ŷ	pāusēd

Synonyms.—*hailing*—calling; saluting. *happy*—contented; delighted; pleased; satisfied. *heeded*—mind-ed; noticed; observed. *guided*—led; conducted. *timid*—fearful; afraid; without courage. *hastened*—hurried; quickened.

Questions on the Lesson.—What acts showed this boy to be thoughtful in the present, and for the future? Was he kind? polite? To whom? Was it good manners for him to leave his companions so abruptly? What explanation did he make to them afterward? Have you had opportunity to show politeness toward the old, the weak, or the helpless?

LESSON VII.

dīs'trīet, *region; country.*
 pī'lot, *one whose office is to steer ships.*
 hēlm, *a rudder or wheel by which the vessel is steered.*

rōg'in, *what is left after distilling the oil from turpentine.*
 trūmp'et, *an instrument used to call aloud.*
 stān'chion, *a prop or support.*

THE PILOT.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent man. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom

carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, “Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there.”

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, “Captain, the ship is on fire!”

Then “Fire! fire! fire!” on shipboard.

All hands were called up; buckets of water were dashed on the fire; but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, “How far are we from Buffalo?”

“Seven miles.”

“How long before we can reach there?”

“Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam.”

“Is there any danger?”

“Danger! Here, see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!”

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; *clouds of smoke* arose.

The captain cried through his trumpet,
 “John Maynard!”

“Ay, ay, sir!”

“Are you at the helm?”

“Ay, ay, sir!”

“How does she head?”

“South-east by east, sir.”

“Head her south-east, and run her on shore,” said the captain. Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, “John Maynard!”

The response came feebly this time, “Ay, ay, sir!”

“Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?” he said.

“By God’s help, I will!”

The old man’s hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Spell :—

re spōnsə’	flight	dis ə’bləd	scalp
spīr’it	in quīrəd’	stān’chion	əy
pās’sen gers	quar’ters	scōrched	Būf’ fa lō

Synonyms. — *intelligent* — sensible ; understanding.
dashed — thrown ; broken ; shattered ; ruined. *attempt*
 — effort ; trial. *burst* — to break ; split ; sever ; crack.
approached — neared ; drawn, or carried near.

Questions on the Lesson.—Where is Detroit ? Buffalo ? On what lake was this vessel ? How many lakes in this “district” ? Give their names. Write the name of the pilot. What trait of character did he show ?

LESSON VIII.

grōvə, a wood of small extent. drift'ing snōw, forced into <i>heaps by the wind.</i>	dīs mā'x, fright ; terror ; fear. ex tēn'sivə, having wide extent ; <i>large.</i>
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LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

A few years ago, a party of workmen had just finished their day's work in one of the Western States, when a violent snow-storm came on. They set out for their camp, which was in a large grove, in an extensive prairie, nearly twenty miles distant from any other timber-land.

The wind blew very hard, and the snow was falling so fast that they could scarcely see each other. When they thought that they had nearly reached their camp, they suddenly noticed marks of footsteps in the *snow*. On examining these with care, they

found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie.

If they had to pass the night there in the cold, drifting snow, the chances were that they would all perish before morning. While the whole party stood shivering with cold, at a loss what to do, one of the party caught sight of a particular horse they had with them, which was known among them by the name of "Old Jack."

"If any one," he cried, "can show us our way out of this blinding snow, 'Old Jack' can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. He, I think, will show us the way to our camp."

The horse was no sooner free than he threw up his head and his tail, as if proud of the trust that had been placed in him. He snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys! Follow me. I will show you the way home."

There are many instances on record which show that a horse's instinct at times is superior to man's reasoning. In this case, "*Old Jack*" seems to possess more knowledge

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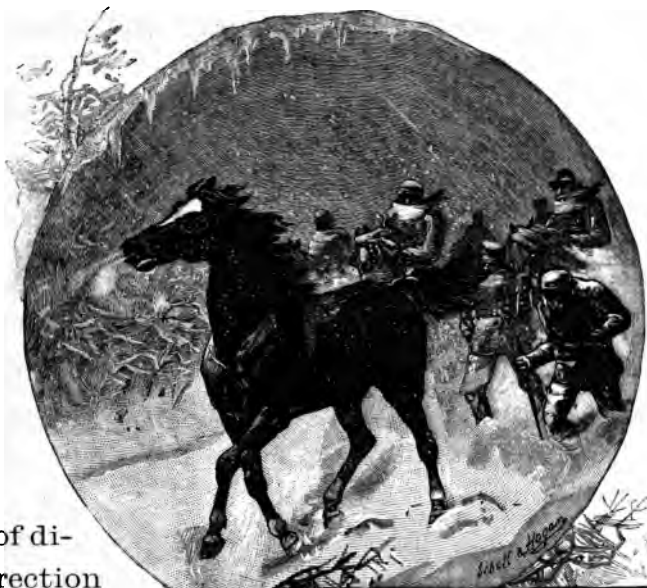
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of di-
rection
than the
whole party.
There is no doubt
that the horse's
eyes, aided by a
ready memory,
helped these men
out of their diffi-
culty. For the
horse trotted off in
a new direction,
and after they had
gone a few miles,



they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires. All gave a loud shout of delight at the cheering sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety. They threw their arms around Old Jack's neck, and caressed him for what he had done.

"I know that this is a true story," says the writer, "for my father was the chief of the party on that occasion."

Spell:—

rŏl'ŏw	cheer'fŭl	seeməd	Old Jäck's
grātē'fŭl	ea rēssəd'	dī rēc'tion	partlē'ŭ lar
brī'dlē	twēn'ty	oe eā'sion	tīm'ber

Synonyms.—*grateful*—thankful; pleasing; agreeable. *cheerful*—lively; joyful; jolly. *occasion*—time; opportunity. *particular*—minute; individual; precise. *suddenly*—hastily; unexpectedly.

A Plain is a level tract of land whose elevation above the sea is less than 1,000 feet.

Prairie is the name given to the undulating plains in the Mississippi valley.

A Plateau is a level tract of land whose elevation above the sea is 1,000 feet or over.

Questions on the Lesson.—Where were these men lost? How did the men discover they were lost? Are horses good observers? What other animals readily find their way home? Name some animals whose instinct does not serve them as correctly.

LESSON IX.

strewn, covered by scattering something over.	dis pensē', to distribute.
pēb' blēs, stones rounded by the action of water.	af fect'ed, influenced.
sealēd, frozen over; closed.	mīt' i gātē, to lessen; to make mild.
	eōm' merçē, trade; traffic.

THE SEA.

Three-fourths of the surface of the earth are covered by the sea. Why the sea was made so large we do not know. Of this there can be no doubt, that the work which it has to do is great and important.

Most of what is now dry land was once the bed of the sea. The tops of the highest mountains are in some places strewn with remains of animals which could have lived nowhere but in salt water.

The chalk cliffs of England and of the greater part of North America are the work of the sea and of its countless inmates. The sand on the shore is the result of labor performed by its waves. They grind the rocks and pebbles into powder, and then carry it off to improve the soil of other lands.

The sea, at this hour, is full of workshops, where millions and millions of little

workers are busy, night and day, in altering the earth's surface, and building up islands from the ocean's bosom to be the dwelling-place of man.

The heat which the sea receives from the sun it carefully stores away, and in due time dispenses for our good. Some of this heat is distributed by the currents of the sea, while part of it is given to the winds, furnishing them with the warm vapors which moderate the cold in winter and the heat in summer, in far distant regions.

It is from the sea, moreover, that all the rivers of the earth are supplied. From it rises the moisture which forms the rain, brooks, and running water with which all the lands in the world are refreshed. The clouds which crown our hills with corn and clothe our valleys with fatness, are offerings from the sea.

By sea came many of the articles of dress you now wear, as well as most of the good things which gladdened your breakfast table this morning. With a spoon made of silver from the mines of Mexico, many in New York stirred *their* cup of tea brought from

China, or their coffee from South America or Arabia. The sugar which sweetened it probably came from the West Indies.

The sea is salt. Why is it salt? Whence comes its salt? These are questions often asked, but they are questions to which it is not easy to give a perfectly satisfactory answer. We are able, however, to point out some of the good that results from the saltiness of the sea.

Were the sea not salt, much more water than at present, would pass off from its surface in the form of vapor. This, again, would cause many countries to have more clouds, less sunshine, and a greater rainfall than they have.

The rivers would be larger, and the soil would soon be soaked with moisture. The appearance of these countries would be changed, and the well-being of plants and animals would be very seriously affected. It is good, therefore, that the sea is salt.

Moreover, the salt of the sea helps to maintain that continual motion among its waters which is of great importance in various ways. It enables the warm *currents* to carry their heat to other shores,

and thus mitigate the severities of their winter.

Were the sea not salt, many parts of the ocean that are now whitened by the steam and sails of commerce, would be sealed to navigation with the seal of the Frost King, and for many months of the year rendered useless to mankind.

Spell:—

sweet'enèd	af fect'ed	stírk'ed	pröb'a blý
sûr'façè	En'gl'and	Isl'ands	rè'gions
im pôr'tant	pow'der	möd'er atè	Mëx'icó
nö'whèrè	mill'ions	cûr'rents	con tin'ü al

Synonyms.—*results* (v.)—to proceed or to spring from; to ensue. *supplied*—furnished; provided; yielded. *satisfaction*—content; pleasure; compensation. *enable*—to supply or furnish means; to empower. *continual*—constant; unceasing; incessant.

By the *Sea* is meant the five oceans with their indentations.

Questions on the Lesson.—How much of the earth's surface is land? What do pebbles show? What evidence do we have to prove that the summits of mountains were once beds of oceans? What was sand? How has it been formed? How is the heat of the sun stored and distributed? How are the clouds and rivers furnished with water? Why is the ocean salt? Of what use is this saltiness? How does the ocean affect the climate? What is the "*Frost King*"?

LESSON X.

thörn'y, *troublesome; vexatious.* | wroth, *angry; incensed.*

DISJOINTED FRIENDSHIP.

Alas, they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;

And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,

Doth work like madness in the brain:
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother,

They parted ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof—the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;

A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Questions on the Lesson.—1. What phrase means heaven? What word in fifth line means angry?

2. Explain "whispering tongues can poison truth," "life is thorny," "aloof," "ween," "rent."

3. Write the plurals of these nouns: youth; brain; heart.

LESSON XI.

re flect'ion, *the rays of the moon
thrown back from the water.*

be lat'ed, *delayed ; made late.*

bûr'den, *a load.*

en eûm'bered, *weighed down ;
overloaded.*

sub dûed', *conquered ; softened.*

fûr'nace, *an enclosed place where
a hot fire is kept for melting
ores.*

piër, *a wharf, or landing place
for ships.*

brîne, *water mixed with salt.*

sÿm'bòl, *emblem ; sign ; figure.*

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight

As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection

In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance

Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters,

The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away,

As sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,—
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow;

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflection,
 And its shadows shall appear
 As a symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Spell :—

pro cēs'sion	Im'age	ap pēar'	pās'sions
brīdḡe	ḡōb'let	strīk'ing	glēamed
rēst'lēss	cūr'rent	wāv'er ing	ḡāzēd
bur'ied	sēē'-weed	ēdḡ'ing	ō'dor

Synonyms.—*rose*—came in; increased; swelled; ascended. *hazy*—misty; vapory; foggy. *thoughts*—memories; recollections; feelings. *gazed*—looked; stared. *sorrow*—grief; sadness. *odor*—smell; scent.

Henry W. Longfellow (1807—1882) is the dearest *poet* that America possesses. His pure, noble, beautiful thoughts make music in thousands of hearts. They are lisped by sweet baby-lips at school and by the fireside, and manhood and old age find always in them something to inspire or comfort. His poetry is as charming in rhythm as it is perfect in sentiment. His are just the poems we select when we are feeling weary, disheartened, or embittered; and they make us again believe that man is noble, and humanity good.

Read for their tenderness and beauty,—“*The Day is Done*,” “*The Bridge*,” “*The Reaper and the Flowers*,” “*Haunted Houses*,” “*The Village Blacksmith*,” and “*Evangeline*.” Read for their noble sentiment,—“*The Psalm of Life*,” “*Excelsior*,” and “*The Building of the Ship*.” Look, too, for the gentle humor in “*The Courtship of Miles Standish*.” Longfellow is not a “bard sublime;” he is something nearer, dearer, and holier,—he is our poet and our friend.

LESSON XII.

eōn'vent, a house occupied by monks or nuns.	be friēnd'ed, to aid; favor; benefit.
dis eōv'er ŷ, finding out.	nā'tīves, people born in the West Indies.
voy'agē, a journey by sea.	

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

More than three hundred years ago, there stood near a small town on the coast of Spain an ancient convent. It still stands there, on a height above the sea, surrounded by a forest of pine trees.

A stranger, traveling on foot, with a little boy, one day stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter to give him a little bread and water for his child.

Poor and friendless though he was, when he stood at the convent gate, he afterwards became one of the most famous of men. That stranger was the great Christopher Columbus; and the little boy was his son Diego.

Seven years afterwards, he was befriended by Isabella, Queen of Spain; and, on the 3d of August, 1492, Columbus set sail from Spain with three small ships, on the great voyage which ended in the discovery of America.

He wanted to find out a new way to India. He believed that the world was round, though few people knew it at that time. Columbus was not aware that there was such a country as America. He thought that if he sailed on and on, always keeping to the west, he would at last come to India.

Look at the Map of the World, and you will see that, if there had been no such country as America, he would have been right. At that time, no one in Europe knew

anything about America. So Columbus sailed into what was then an unknown sea. Many thought that he would never come back. On and on he went with his ships, not knowing where he was going!

Columbus sailed with three little ships; and very queer ships they were. Two of these *caravels*—for so this sort of vessel was then named—were without decks, and were covered only at the two ends, where the sailors sleep. The third caravel was larger, and had a deck. It was called by a Spanish name meaning “Holy Mary.”

For a long time there was no sign of land. The men who were with him became alarmed, and tried to compel him to return. But he held bravely on his course, and would not turn back. At last the great Atlantic Ocean was crossed, and the ships came in sight of one of the West India Islands.

As soon as possible, all the small boats were manned and armed. Columbus and his men rowed towards the island with their colors flying in the air, and with the band playing warlike music.

The Indians were astonished at what they *saw and heard.*

Columbus landed first with his sword in his hand. He and his men then knelt and kissed the ground. They next erected a crucifix and, prostrating themselves before



it, returned thanks to God for bringing their voyage to a successful end.

Columbus took possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon. When the brave Columbus saw the land, he called it India.

After filling his ship with treasure got

from the natives, Columbus sailed back to Spain.

When the other nations of Europe heard of the great discovery of a new world, they wished to share in its riches. Many nations, therefore, sent out ships and men to try to gain possession of part of it.

The poor natives were not well treated by many of the people who took their beautiful islands from them. Their new masters used them so cruelly, that they were soon almost all destroyed. Negroes were then brought from Africa to the West India Islands, and there forced to work as slaves. In this way there were soon negro slaves in all the islands.

After a long time, some of the islands came into the possession of England; but the English at that time were no better than other nations in regard to slavery. There were many in England who were engaged in the cruel slave trade.

In the year 1807, England passed a law that in all countries belonging to Britain, every slave should be set free.

The climate of the West India Islands *is very warm*, and most of the plants, trees,

and fruits grow there which are found in warm countries.

The chief articles exported from the West Indies are sugar, rum, tobacco, and cotton.

Spell:—

Co lūm'bus	In'dies	eru'el lŷ	ār'ti cles
Ig a bēl'la	be lŷēvəd'	fā'mōūs	sur prīzəd'
Chrīst'o pher	Av'gust	nā'tīvəs	re joīçə'
slā'vēr ŷ	fŷēnd' lēss	fōr'est	hēīghŷt
to bæ'eō	A mēr'i ea	Brīt'ain	queen

Synonyms.—*famous*—noted; remarkable; eminent. *surprised*—to come suddenly; to take unawares; to strike with wonder. *exists*—to be; to live; to occur. *possess*—to have; own; hold; control. *regard*—in respect, or relation to. *alarmed*—frightened; surprised.

Christopher Columbus (1486—1506) was born at Genoa, Italy. He was the son of a wool-comber; attended school at Pavia; went to sea; and, in 1470, settled at Lisbon, where he married, and made his living by constructing maps and charts for the guidance of navigators. This work suggested to him the idea of mapless worlds lying westward. He went to sea again in order to fit himself for his great enterprise. Then he told his plans to kings, princes, and learned assemblies. "Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, remember that eighteen years elapsed after Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that most of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitations, amidst poverty, neglect, and ridicule; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about fifty-six years of age."

At last, Queen Isabella of Spain helped him to the three vessels, and the 120 men, with which he set sail on the 3d of August, 1492. On the 12th of October, he discovered the Bahama Islands, and soon after, the islands of Cuba and Hayti. Upon the last, he left a small colony, and returned to Spain to be

greatly honored. He now found little difficulty in getting seventeen ships and 1500 men to go with him, and his second voyage was very successful.

Envy and jealousy always follow successful men; and now, these arose with their voices of slander about the great navigator. Upon his third voyage, he discovered the mouth of the Orinoco, and stopping, on his way back, to visit his little colony at Hayti, he was wickedly seized by enemies and sent to Spain in chains. Queen Isabella was dead; King Ferdinand was not his friend; and though the people of Spain were very angry at the treatment Columbus had received, and he was not long kept in chains, still he could get no satisfaction for his injuries. But the grand old man was not disheartened, and set out upon his fourth voyage. A mutinous crew defeated his purpose, and the noblest navigator the world has ever seen returned to die poor and neglected; and, after his death, his hard-won honors were for many years conferred upon another.¹

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1. Who discovered America? When?
2. Who helped him with money?
3. Did he intend to sail to America?
4. What did the sailors do?
5. Why did he call these islands the West Indies?
6. Where were slaves obtained?
7. Name some articles we get from the West Indies.
8. Name the islands in this group. Which is the largest?
9. How many voyages did Columbus make?
10. Tell of his troubles.

CAPITAL LETTERS.

1. Why is the first word of every line, on pages 51 and 52, written with a capital letter?
2. How are "I" and "O" always written?
3. How should all names referring to God be written?

¹ Americus Vespuccius (*Ves pū' she us*).

LESSON XIII.

strewed, *scattered.*scooped, *dug out.*pärch'ing, *burning; scorching.*märt, *market.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on
the lea;

And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into
a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe
its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask
beneath its boughs;

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds
sweet music bore;

It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and
fern,

A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary
men might turn;

He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the
brink;

He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that
toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers
never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and
saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old,
and yet 'twas new;

A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being
true.

It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.

The thought was small, its issue great; a watch-fire
on the hill.

It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the
valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the
daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from
the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory
breath,—

It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul
from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at
random cast!

Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the
last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Spell:—

gên'ial	ā'eornſ	wēā'rŷ	bēā'eon
sprout'ed	thrōngəd	rā'di ançə	tū'mult
dōr'mousə	trāv'el er	mōn'i to rŷ	dāng'ling

"Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please."

LESSON XIV.

pāgē, *a servant.*

wēap'ōn, *an instrument to fight with.*

ārch'er, *one skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.*

ēon spīr'a tor, *a plotter for an evil purpose.*

brībē, *to hire for bad purposes.*

bāt'tle-āx, *used as an offensive weapon.*

a vēngē, *to inflict just punishment.*

ēōv'et qūs nesk, *avarice; desire for gain.*

COVETOUSNESS.

Once, a near relative of Bruce's was induced by large bribes to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the king one morning till he saw him separated from all his men, except a little boy who waited on him as a page.

The father had a sword in his hand; one of the sons had a spear, and the other a battle-ax.

The king, seeing them so well armed when there were no enemies near, began to call to mind hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him.

He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance.

"If," said the king, "I overcome these

traitors, you shall have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape and tell my brother to avenge my death."

The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime, the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might attack him at once. The king called out to them, and ordered them to come no nearer upon peril of their lives.

The father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and continued to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand.

"Traitors," said he, "you have sold my life for gold, but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow, and, as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him.

Bruce was an excellent archer. He aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye, and passed from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead.

The two sons now rushed on the king.

One of them struck a blow at him with an ax, but missed his aim and stumbled, so that the king, with his great sword, cut him down before he could recover his feet.

The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the king, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword.

Then the little page came running up very joyful at his master's victory. The king wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

Spell:—

rél'a tīvē	steel	ār'rōw	at tākəd' (t)
at tēmt'	spēār	trā\tor	ēx'cel lent
re eōv'er	vīe'to rŷ	gāl'lant	vīl'lāin
sēp'a rāt ed	ēn'e mīēs	re sīst'ed	eōv'et ōūs ness

Synonyms.—*murder*—kill; assassinate; slay. *induce*—move; instigate; urge; press. *traitor*—betraye; perjurer. *villain*—scoundrel; knave; rascal. *peril*—danger; hazard; risk. *advance*—bring forward; al-
lege; assign; promote; raise.

LESSON XV.

bŭr'rōw, *hole in the earth.*

com bīnə', *to join together.*

dām, *a bank or wall to obstruct
the flow of water.*

trōops, *companies.*

re trēat', *a quiet place where one
lives alone.*

ēn ġi neer', *one skilled in con-
triving.*

brēach, *broken part.*

HOW BEAVERS WORK AND LIVE.

Beavers are now found chiefly in Canada and other parts of North America. The name beaver comes from a word which means builder; and a wonderful little builder he is. But he not only builds houses; he is a capital wood-cutter and a skillful engineer as well.

During summer, each beaver lives by himself in a burrow, which he digs out near a lake or stream. When winter comes, he quits this retreat, and unites with his fellows to build a winter home. They generally combine in troops of from two to three hundred; so that, when the houses are all built, they form a little beaver town.

They begin by choosing a good site for their town; sometimes on the bank of a lake or a river, and sometimes on an island. *They like a river best, because the running*

stream helps to carry down the trees they use in building.



With no tool but their own sharp teeth, they soon cut down a tree. If it stands close to the water, the beavers manage very cleverly to cut it down so that it shall fall into the river. In this way they can get

the entire tree floated down the stream. But if the trees are at some distance, they have to cut them into several pieces, and drag them to the river-side with their teeth.

After they have got a supply of trees, the beavers begin their work of building. The first thing they do is to make a dam across the river. This stops the current, and forms a deep pond at the river-side. The dam is made of logs and branches firmly fixed into the bed of the stream.

The spaces between the posts are filled up with stones and clay, and the whole is made as firm as the little animals can make it. The trees are dragged with their teeth from place to place, as they are wanted; but the stones and clay are carried in an odd way between their fore-paws and their chins.

All the time they are at work, the beavers are constantly moving to and fro, trampling down the soft clay with their paws, and making all as smooth as they can. And it is a curious thing that they do all their work during the night.

Every care is taken to make the dam *strong*; and when any part of it is broken,

the beavers never rest till they have mended it. They are ever on the watch; and the Indians, who know this, try to bring them out of their hiding-places by breaking the dam. In this way the poor beavers are often caught, as they rush forth to mend the breach.

When the dam is finished, the beavers begin to build their little town. The houses are made of the same materials as the dam. They are all built on the edge of the pond; and passages run from them into the ground in all directions.

The door of a beaver's house is under the water—generally three or four feet below the surface. There is no other opening of any kind. All the other passages lead to holes or caves where the beavers can hide themselves from their enemies.

Each house holds from ten to twenty beavers. It has two rooms in it, one above the other. The upper one is where the beavers live. The lower room is used as a place to store their food, which consists chiefly of the bark of the silver-birch and poplar trees. It is kept under water, safe from the frost, and brought up as it is wanted.

Like the bird and the bee, the beaver builds his house just as God has taught him. He has not reason to guide him in his work. This gift belongs to man alone. But the lower animals are born with the power of doing everything necessary to make themselves safe and comfortable. This power is called instinct.

Spell:—

pōp'lar	skill'ful	in strūct'	sēv'er al
mān'agē	elēv'er ly	fīn'ishēd	drāggēd
con sists'	brēak'ing	chōos'ing	ēn'e mīes
mēnd'ed	trāmp'ling	pās'sag ēs	cōm'fort a blē

Synonyms.—*manage*—direct; govern; control; conduct. *skillful*—clever; expert; masterly. *curious*—odd; rare; unusual; singular. *fixed*—firm; settled; established. *guide*—to lead; to show; to rule.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: BEAVERS.

1. Where are they found?
2. What can they do?
3. When do they work?
4. Describe their method of cutting down trees.
5. Where do they make their homes?
6. How do they build their dams?
7. What do they store away for food?
8. What guides the beaver in his building?
9. Is the fur of the beaver useful?

LESSON XVI.

erĕst'ing, <i>touching the tops of.</i>	ŭp bŏrnĕ', <i>held up.</i>
ĥst'eth, <i>pleases; wishes.</i>	bŏŏn, <i>gay; merry.</i>
sprĕy, <i>particles of water scattered</i>	shĕft, <i>an arrow.</i>
<i>by the wind.</i>	rĕ'gion, <i>country; district.</i>

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;—
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and old they wander out,
 And traverse their green world round about;
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How, one to the other, they lovingly call:
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
 And the birds below give back the cry,
 "We come, we come to the branches high!"
 How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
 Living in love in a leafy tree!

And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down, 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter among the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old:
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

Spell:—

fā\ŕ'ý	fŭrzə	bīl'lōw ý	pāl'açə
breez'ý	mīrth	bound'lëss	fröl'ie sòmə
trāv'ersə	pīərçə	skīm'mīng	blōs'sòm īng

Explain the use of the exclamation point in this lesson.

Explain the use of the quotation marks.

Select two uses of the comma from this lesson.

LESSON XVII.

mīn'a ret, a slender, lofty tur- ret on a mosque, surrounded by balconies, from which people are called to prayer.	kī ōsk', Turkish summer-house supported on pillars. măġ'ie, enchantment ; charm. pōn'der, to think ; to muse.
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THE SHANDON BELLS.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine:

For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk, O!
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there is an anthem more dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FATHER MAHONY or "PROUT."

Spell:—

çym'balz	pön'der	töll'ing	naught
gôr'gêqûs	wan'der	süb lîmê'	vî'brâte
ăf fêe'tion	fôn'der	ăn'them	bêl'frý
rêe'ol lêe'tion	phăn'tom	ea thê'dral	süm'mit

Shandon Bells are in St. Anne's Church, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle.

St. Sophia is the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, which was changed by the Mohammedans into a mosque.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

LESSON XVIII.

Im bibed', *absorbed.*cāl'a mūs, *sweet-flag.*im pärt', *to yield; bestow.*hā'zels, *shrubs that bear nuts.*lāve, *dip and bathe.*rēv'er ençə, *respect and honor.*

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
 Is the lowly home where I was born:
 The peach-tree leans against the wall,
 And the woodbine wanders over all;
 There is the shady door-way still,
 But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn; and, as of yore,
 I can smell the hay from the open door,
 And see the busy swallows throng,
 And hear the peewee's mournful song.
 But the stranger comes: O, painful proof!—
 His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard,—the very trees
 Where my childhood knew long hours of
 ease,

And watched the shadowy moments run
 Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
 The swing from the bough still sweeps the
 air,

But the stranger's children are swinging
 there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels
grow ;

'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing :
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still ;
And when ye crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest-sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard-trees ;
And, when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart :
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Let pupils explain this tender story in their own language.

Let pupils change the first two stanzas to prose.

Explain the different uses of the dash, the colon, and the semi-colon in this lesson.



LESSON XIX.

au'di ble, <i>loud enough to be heard.</i>	būf'fet ing, <i>to strike with hand or fist.</i>
a mid'-ship, <i>half-way between stem and stern.</i>	tat too'd', <i>indelible figures made in the flesh by pricking in dye-stuffs.</i>
a byss', <i>the great deep.</i>	

THE WRECK.

It was broad day,—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging; and some one knocking and calling at my door. “What is the matter?” I cried. “A wreck! Close by!” I sprang out of my bed, and asked what wreck. “A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her!”

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had *been diminished* by the silencing of half a

dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being swelled; and the height to which the breakers rose, and looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

Then, O great Heaven, I saw it close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang;

and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little that I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham came breaking through them to the front.

He watched the sea, standing alone, with *the silence of suspended breath behind him,*

and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shore-ward, from beyond the ship, he

seemed to leap up into it with the mighty bound, and the ship was gone.

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

CHARLES DICKENS, in "*David Copperfield*."

Spell:—

éd'dý Ing	hōarse'ly	wrăppēd
elām'or Ing	vīg'or ōūs	mănnēd
eăn'non ādē'	văl'iant lý	rēs to rā'tion
frăn'tie al lý	in'eon çēlv'a blē	out strīp'pīng

Synonyms.—*appalling*—to appall; dismay; terrify; daunt; frighten. *conspicuous*—distinguished; eminent; prominent; famous; illustrious; celebrated. *diminish*—lessen; decrease; abate; reduce; impair; liquidate. *interminable*—boundless; endless; limitless; illimitable; infinite; unbounded; unlimited. *insensible*—torpid; dull; lifeless; senseless; imperceptible; unsusceptible; unfeeling; hard; callous; indifferent.

LESSON XX.

să'e'ri fiçè, <i>anything offered to a</i>		ere ātè', <i>to bring into being.</i>
<i>divinity.</i>		wōō, <i>to court.</i>

MATIN HYMN.

I cannot ope mine eyes
 But Thou art ready there to catch
 My morning soul and sacrifice,
 Then we must needs for that day make a
 match.

My God, what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart?
 That Thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all Thy art,
 As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee;
 He did not Heaven and heart create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and Workman show;
 Then, by a sunbeam, I will climb to Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LESSON XXI.

Czär, *emperor of Russia.*jeered, *sneered, scoffed at.*bärge, *a roomy boat for carrying passengers and goods.*sën'a tor, *a member of the Czar's council.*spûrnèd, *treated with scorn.*ròu'blè, *a Russian coin made in silver or gold.*Völ'ga, *a river of Russia.*thlèk'et, *thick growth of trees and bushes.*ëx'ilè, *a person banished from his country.*

THE HEROIC GIRL.

A captain in the Russian army, who had been sent as an exile for life to a small village in the north of Siberia, had a daughter named Catherine. She saw how unhappy her father and mother were, and she resolved to go to St. Petersburg herself, and ask the Czar to pardon her father.

When she told her father her plan, he only laughed at her; and her mother said that she ought to mind her work instead of talking nonsense.

"Here, my dear," said she; "dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off for St. Petersburg at your ease."

But neither her father's laughter nor her mother's sneers turned Catherine from her purpose; and after waiting patiently for three years, she, at length, got her father to agree to let her go.

It was a terrible journey for a girl of eighteen to undertake alone. She had to travel on foot for hundreds of miles, through vast forests and across dreary snow-covered plains. She had no clothes with her except



the faded ones which she wore; all that she had in her pocket was a single silver rouble; but she had a brave heart, and unbounded trust in God.

She was often driven from the doors of the rich as a beggar and a cheat. She was spurned by matrons who should have known

better, jeered at by thoughtless boys, and even attacked by dogs.

Before her journey was half done, winter overtook her, and greatly increased her hardships; but some carriers with whom she fell in were very kind to her. When her cheek was frost-bitten, they rubbed it with snow; when no sheep-skin could be got for her, they gave her theirs by turns, and took every possible care of her.

Her next mishap was to be tumbled out of a barge on the river Volga. This did so much harm to her health, that, before continuing her journey, she had to spend some months in a nunnery, where the nuns were very kind to her.

At last, after a journey of eighteen months, she reached St. Petersburg. She stood day after day for a fortnight on the steps of the senate-house, holding out a petition to the senators; but without success. After many failures, she was fortunate enough to find friends who were able to take her to the Czar; and he was very kind to her, and promised that her father's trial should be at once revised.

The result was, that the Czar pardoned

her father, and allowed him to return with his wife from Siberia.

When the Czar, touched with her noble bearing, asked Catherine if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied that she would be quite satisfied if he would also pardon two poor old gentlemen, who had been kind to her in her exile. Her request was at once granted.

Very touching was the meeting between the heroic daughter and her parents whom she had delivered. When she came into their presence, they at once fell on their knees, to thank her; but she exclaimed, "It is God that we have to thank for your wonderful deliverance!"

But Catherine's health had been completely broken by her great exertions. She had bought her parents' freedom with her own life.

One morning, a few months afterwards, when the nuns with whom she lived went into her room, they found her with her hands clasped, quietly sleeping her last long sleep.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

Spell:—

Căth'er Inë	eĭgh't'een	prēs'ençə	wrětch'es
re şölvəd'	he rō'ie	ex ĕr'tions	pūr'pōsə
ĕăr'ri ers	pōs'si blə	săt'is fīəd	vīl'lagə
Rūs'sian	ĕăp'tān	dăŭgh'ter	făil'ūrəs

Synonyms.—*terrible*—fearful; frightful; horrible. *furious*—fierce; violent; angry; raging. *heroic*—brave; daring; bold; fearless. *possible*—likely; practicable. *freedom*—liberty; independence; frankness.

Persons found guilty of crimes against society and misdemeanors in office, are often banished from Russia to the cold and barren regions of Siberia.

Questions on the Lesson.—Where is Russia? Where is Siberia? Why was the girl's father sent to Siberia? What did the girl wish to do? How much money did she have? What sufferings did she endure? Did she get her father's pardon? Was she heroic? Why?

LESSON XXII.

hīlts, *sword-handles.*

mīnt, *the place where money is coined.*

ĕŭr'rent, *in common use; circulating.*

bul'ion, *uncoined gold or silver in the mass.*

pōr'tion, *share; a wife's fortune.*

ĕom mōd'i ties, *goods; wares; merchandise.*

tănk'ard, *a drinking vessel with a cover.*

trēs'ŭr ŷ, *a store for wealth.*

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

In the earlier days of Massachusetts, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain.

But as these coins were scarce, the people were often forced to barter their goods instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of sugar, he might purchase it with a pile of pine-boards. Musket bullets were used instead of pence and halfpence. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and these shells were likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers.

Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take barrels of fish, bushels of corn, or quantities of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people became more numerous and trade increased, the want of current money was still more felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was

to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America which the English had taken from the Spaniards and brought to the state.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, six-pences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled *to put one shilling into his own pocket.*

The magistrates soon began to suspect

that the mint-master was having the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, sought to woo his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we shall call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, but by no means so slender as some young ladies of our day.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. “Yes, you may take her,” said he, in his rough way; “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough!”

On his wedding day, we may suppose,

that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences.

Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the strict laws and customs of the state would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because the governor had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But Samuel was a very handsome young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with *his new son-in-law*, especially as he had *sought Miss Betsey out of pure love, and*

had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, bringing with them a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the *why* and *wherefore*. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, in which case she would have been a dear bargain, she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for four of you to play hide-and-seek in. The servants *tugged* with might and main, but *could not lift its enormous weight, and*

were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of what he had coined.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Treat her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Spell:—

o blíg'ed' Spán'iardz quàn'títý mǎn'ũ fáet'ũrə
 bǎr'gǎin çér'e mo ný hǎnd'fũlş in dũs'tri qũş
 bǎr'relş mǎğ'is trātə espé'cially e nór'moũş
 sũw'ordş three'pen çes bug'i ness sòn'-in-lǎw
 pē'o ný (thrip'en sēz) (bǐz'i nes) wǎm'pum

Synonyms.—*salary*—pay; wages; hire; stipend; allowance. *attired*—dressed; adorned; arrayed. *ponderous*—weighty; heavy. *dutiful*—duteous; obedient; reverent; respectful; submissive. *diligently*—industriously; attentively; actively; carefully. *establish*—to settle; to confirm; to fix. *barter*—trade; exchange; interchange; traffic; dealing.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804—1864), *novelist*, was born in Salem, Mass., educated with Longfellow and Franklin Pierce at Bowdoin College, lived for a year on a community-farm, and after having filled an office in the Salem custom-house, he went to reside at Lenox, near the lake called Stockbridge Bowl. In 1853, when Franklin Pierce became President of the United States, Hawthorne received the lucrative appointment of consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne first wrote sketches, and short historical stories; these are full of grace and beauty, enlivened by a delicate humor. But it was by his novels, or romances, that he became widely known and admired. No one has used the language with more power and delicacy; his romances hold us spell-bound while we read, and haunt the memory like ghost stories forever after. His short stories are found under the titles of "*Twice-told Tales*," and "*Mosses from an Old Manse*." His romances are "*The Scarlet Letter*," "*House of the Seven Gables*," "*Marble Faun*," and "*Our Old Home*."

When a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always gets angry. HALIBURTON.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. SHENSTONE.

LESSON XXIII.

<i>gust, a sudden and violent blast of wind.</i>	<i>elling, to hold fast by winding round.</i>
<i>repin'ing, complaining ; murmuring.</i>	<i>fate, a fixed law by which the order of things is determined.</i>

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering
 Past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the
 blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XXIV.

stāte'ly, *grand; majestic.*

crāġs, *steep, rugged rocks.*

pō'et lāū're atē, *a poet employed by a king and queen to compose poems annually, in honor of themselves, or of the events of their reign.*

hā'ven, *a harbor or port for ships.*

im pās'sionēd, *showing strong feeling or passion.*

vān'ishēd, *passed from view; lost sight of, as by death or absence.*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead,

Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, was born in 1810. He began his career as a poet, about the time Queen Victoria commenced her reign; and both are living and reigning still—the one over a powerful empire, the other in the realm of song—each honoring, and being honored by the other. Lord Tennyson is a true poet. His diction is noted for its elegance and finish. His poems are always beautiful in language, noble in thought, and, sometimes, grand and impassioned in sentiment. To the first style, belong "*The May Queen*," "*Lilian*," and many of his shorter poems. To the latter style, belong "*Locksley Hall*," and "*Maud*;" while in the beautiful "*Idyls of the King*," simplicity and grandeur are combined. Among the most spirited poems in the English language, is "*The Charge of the Light Brigade*."

Questions on the Poems.—What pictures do these poems, "*The Rainy Day*" and "*Break, Break, Break*," bring to your mind? Where do you imagine the poets to be? Upon what scenes are their eyes gazing? Upon what scenes are their thoughts gazing? Were they gay and happy, or sad and pensive? Of what days and people may they be thinking? Were the poets young, or old, when they wrote these poems? Which lines help you to answer this question? Which is the sadder poem? Which poem closes with a more cheerful thought? What is it?

LESSON XXV.

squāre, an instrument of two
pieces joined at right angles.
chār'cōal, coal made by char-
ring wood under cover.
eōn tēmp't, scorn; neglect.

chēf, head; principal; leader.
mȳs'ter ȳ, something difficult to
understand.
war'rior (wōr'yur), a man
engaged in war.

THE ART OF WRITING.

Here is a story told by Mr. Williams,
*who was building a church for the South
Sea Islanders.*

"As I had gone to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me the square. I called a chief, who was looking after a portion of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.'"

"He was a strange-looking man. He had been a great soldier; and, in one of the many battles he had fought, he had lost an eye. Giving me a look of wonder with the other, he said, 'Take that! She will call me foolish, and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.'

"'No,' I replied, 'she will not. Take it and go at once; I am in a hurry.'

"Seeing that I was in earnest, he took it, and asked, 'What must I say?'

"I replied, 'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish.'

"With a look of surprise and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?'

"I desired him to take it at once, and not spend so much time in talking about it. *On reaching the house, he gave the*

chip to Mrs. Williams; who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest. The chief, wishing to see the result of all this, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'

"'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?'

"'Yes,' said the astonished soldier; 'but I did not hear it say anything.'

"'If you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted.'

"Upon this, the chief rushed out of the house; and catching up the piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other.

"Holding them up as high as his arms could reach, he shouted as he went, 'See! How wise are these English people! They can make chips talk!'

"On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to talk with persons at a distance. I explained the matter to him as well as I could; but it was *so great a mystery*, that he actually tied a

string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time!

“For many days after, we often saw him surrounded by a crowd, who listened with the greatest interest while he told them the wonders which the chip had performed.”

Spell:—

pōr'tion	sur prīzə'	wīz'dóm	mýs'ter ý
wón'der	de sīrəd'	dīs'tançə	per fōrməd'
re plīəd'	sōl'dier	ěatch'ing	ex plāīnəd'
ěar'nest	ăet'ū al lý	fōl'lōwəd	fought (fawt)

Synonyms.—*foolish*—simple; unwise; absurd. *wonder*—surprise; marvel; astonishment; awe. *wisdom*—discretion; skill; knowledge; prudence. *request*—desire; beg; ask; solicit.

1.

Spell the plural of these nouns.

+ s.

square	battle	sword	button
brigade	wonder	floor	settlement
question	thought	shilling	custom
warrior	language	merchant	minister
building	Spaniard	husband	bushel

2.

Change y to i, and add es.

finery	country	treasury	sympathy
quantity	salary	commodity	policy
supply	ally	inquiry	twenty
sentry	reply	flattery	courtesy

LESSON XXVI.

eöl'o nies, *settlements made in foreign countries.*

ġent'ū ries, *periods of a hundred years.*

tröp'ie al, *being within the tropics.*

ăq'ue düet, *a channel for conveying water.*

pîet ūr ăsquë', *fitted to form a pleasing picture.*

scŭlp'tor, *one who cuts or carves images in stone or wood.*

ŭ ni vër'si tŭ, *a school in which are taught all branches of learning.*

stăt'ŭë, *an image.*

ITALY.

Italy is a very interesting country. Its history for many centuries was the history of the world. More than 1800 years ago, it was the center of civilization. Several of the most celebrated nations of antiquity fell under its power.

No nation, except England, ever established so many colonies. As colonies of the Roman empire, France, Spain, and England rose from a state of barbarism. Wherever the Roman armies went, they left their mark. They constructed splendid roads, built fine towns, erected great walls or fortifications, and did much to improve the manners and customs of the people among whom they settled.

England, indeed, owes much to these colonists. London, Bath, and most of the towns

that end in "*ter*," as Manchester, Lancaster, Exeter, were Roman colonies, and many of the great roads in England were originally constructed by the Romans.

Italy itself is a long peninsula in the south of Europe, stretching in a south-easterly direction between the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas.

Its physical features are very simple. A long range of mountains, called the Apennines, runs down its entire length, sometimes approaching the Mediterranean and at others inclining towards the Adriatic. On each side of these mountains, are beautiful fertile plains, intersected by short, and in some parts, rapid rivers.

One of these plains, the Plain of Lombardy, is enclosed on three sides by very high mountains. It is watered by numerous rivers, and has on its northern side, some of the most beautiful and picturesque lakes to be found in the world. It is so fertile, that many of the plants and fruits of warmer countries grow there to perfection.

The climate of Italy is dry and warm, with bright blue skies during the greater

part of the year. Some parts, however, are very unhealthy, especially in the districts around Rome. Here, there are great areas of ill-drained land and marsh, which are scarcely habitable during six months of the year.

A fever, called the Malaria, is prevalent in Central Italy, and on the west coast. Whole districts that once supported a large population are now not habitable.

Wild animals are not numerous. They are the wild boar, the chamois, wild goat, and porcupine.

Fruits and vegetables are grown in abundance, and are excellent in quality. The chief are the olive, lemon, orange, maize, vine, citron, and rice. The mulberry tree is cultivated to a large extent—the leaves forming the chief food of the silk-worm. Italy, indeed, produces more silk than any other European country.

The minerals of Italy are not very important. They are chiefly iron, lead, quicksilver, sulphur, and alum. In the Apennines, are found many marble quarries. The most famous quarry is that of Carrara, which *supplies the finest statuary marble.*



SCENES IN ITALY.

Italy is remarkable for its volcanoes; the most noted being that of Vesuvius, near Naples. Nearly 2000 years ago, this volcano was celebrated and described. In A.D. 79, one of its eruptions overwhelmed and buried two old towns, Pompeii and Herculaneum. These towns have been partly excavated within the last hundred years, and the details of Roman life at the time of their destruction have been revealed to us with wonderful clearness.

Mount Etna, in Sicily, one of the Italian Islands, is the largest volcano in Europe. It is nearly eighty miles around its base, and is very frequently active. In the Lipari Islands, near the Italian coast, is a small volcano named Stromboli, which is so active that there is an eruption every fifteen minutes.

Italy has for centuries been noted for her great scholars, painters, sculptors, and scientific men. Her schools and universities were the nurseries of the arts and sciences. In the middle ages, the most promising pupils from foreign countries were *sent to these* universities. They copied the *fashions* of the country, studied its archi-

itecture, imitated its poets, and bought up as most valuable treasures, the works of the painters and sculptors.

Even at the present day, Italy is the home of art, and painters go there from all parts of the world to see and study the works of the great painters, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, etc.

The capital of Italy is Rome, the most wonderful city in the world. Not only does it contain the largest church, St. Peter's, but it has also 364 other churches, many of them most beautiful in design and decoration.

Rome has also many palaces, one of which, called the Vatican, the residence of the Pope, consists of several thousand rooms and a number of magnificent galleries containing works of art. In these are to be found some of the choicest sculptures and most splendid paintings which the most talented men who have lived in Italy have produced.

In addition to these, there are in Rome many curious monuments of antiquity, remains of *the old Emperors* who conquered *the world*. There are vast baths, aqueducts

to convey water, great statues, pillars, and arches. One monument, called from its immense size the Coliseum, was a great amphitheater, or circus, capable of seating 80,000 persons. It was in this amphitheater that fights between men and beasts, or between different kinds of animals, took place.

Other cities are Milan, with its grand cathedral; Turin, with its bridges and palaces; Genoa, Florence, Palermo, Pisa, and beautiful Venice.

Spell :—

phŷ's'ie al	mĭn'er als	Eū ro pē'an	nū'mer dŷs
per fēe'tion	de serĭbəd'	vēg'e ta blēs	vol cā'nō
mŭl'bēr ry	pōr'eu pĭnē	Īt'a lŷ	fēat'ūrēs
ma lā'ri ā	scĭ'en tĭf'ie	Spāĭn	dif fŷsē'

Synonyms. — *fertile* — fruitful; productive; rich. *prevalent* — prevailing; current. *antiquity* — ancient times; former ages. *magnificent* — grand; splendid; sublime. *valuable* — precious; costly; estimable. *splendid* — showy; shining; magnificent; brilliant.

Pronounce :—

Lĭ'pā ri	Pom pēi'ĭ	Hēr'eū lā'ne ūm
Lōm'bar dy	(Pom pā'yee)	Mēd'i ter rā'ne an
Strōm'bo li	Ad'ri āt'ie	Ve sŷ'vĭ ūs
Sĭç'i lŷ	Cōl'i sē'ūm	Lāŋe'as ter
Āp'en nĭnēs	Rāph'a el	Mĭ'cha el Ān'gē lo
Tĭ'tian	Ī tāl'ian	ām'phi thē'a ter
(tĭsh'an)	(ĭ tāl'yun)	(ām'fi)

LESSON XXVII.

un bid'den, <i>spontaneous</i> ; un-	fal'ter ing, <i>trembling</i> .
false, <i>unfaithful</i> . [invited.]	Wôrd, <i>the Scripture</i> .

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now !
 Tears will unbidden start ;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart ;
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped :
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 After the evening prayer ;
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill ;
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my dear mother's look,
 Who loved God's Word to hear.

Her aged face—I see it yet,
 As thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls at home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

G. P. MORRIS.

Spell :—

gr <u>o</u> u <u>p</u>	thr <u>i</u> ll	e <u>o</u> n'stan <u>c</u> y	tr <u>e</u> as' <u>u</u> r <u>e</u>
d <u>y</u> 'ing	h <u>e</u> ar <u>th</u>	e <u>o</u> n'sel or	v <u>o</u> l' <u>u</u> m <u>e</u>
ta <u>u</u> ght	pr <u>a</u> y <u>e</u> r	g <u>e</u> n'er <u>a</u> 'tions	thr <u>o</u> b' <u>b</u> ing

Synonyms. — *clasped* — held ; grasped ; embraced.
records — lists ; accounts ; registers. *silent* — mute ;
 speechless ; undisturbed. *calm* — still ; quiet ; tran-
 quil ; peaceful.

CONTRACTIONS.

Write these contracted expressions in full :—

Jan.	Jul.	Dec.	Mrs.	Col.	D.D.
Feb.	Aug.	Mon.	Mr.	Esq.	M.D.
Mar.	Oct.	Thurs.	Gov.	Hon.	A.B.
lat.	Sept.	etc.	Gen.	Lieut.	B.C.

LESSON XXVIII.

sē'eret sōul, *inner thought.* | se rēn'est, *calmest.*

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it whispered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped *for a while*, and sighed to answer
"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith!
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love,—best boons to mortals given,—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,
"Yes: in Heaven!"

MACKAY.

*Let the pupils write each inquiry in their own language.
Let the pupils write the answers to each inquiry.
Are these inquiries expressive of man's real longings?*

LESSON XXIX.

*raid, a sudden invasion of mounted
men.*

ban dīt'tl, robbers; bandits.

sealed, climbed.

*dūn'geōn, a dark, underground
prison, or cell.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time!

The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces; the fawn started up with an anxious bleat; the doe turned; she came back; she couldn't leave it!

She bent over it and licked it, and seemed to say: "Come, my child, we are pursued; we must go!" She walked away toward the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs, and through the bushes.

The doe bounded in advance and waited; the fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, very groggy yet on its legs, and whining a great deal because its mother kept always moving away from it.

By all the means at her command, the doe urged her young one on. The fawn did not seem to hear the hound; the little innocent would even have looked sweetly at the dog, and tried to make friends with him, if the brute had been rushing upon it. She might have been miles away while they were making a few rods.

■ *Shortly, came a sound that threw the*

doe into a panic of terror,—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl!

The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail, and the whole pack responded to the “view halloo.” The danger was certain now; it was near. The dogs would soon be upon them!

She turned again for flight; the fawn scrambling after her, tumbled over and bleated piteously. The baying, emphasized by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible.

The doe returned and stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Perhaps she was thinking. The doe seemed to have made up her mind.

She turned and licked her fawn affectionately for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly; she descended the slope of the mountain, and the cry of the pack echoed and re-echoed more clearly in the great spaces.

.

In five minutes more, she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned; and the fawn was safe!

The doe was in a good running condition. For the moment, fear left her, and she bounded on with the exultation of triumph.

For a quarter of an hour, she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the bushes with bound after bound; flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine.

The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind her. But she struck a bad piece of going, a dead-wood slash; and she began to pant fearfully. She lost ground; the baying of the hounds came nearer. She climbed the hard-wood hill at a slower gait; but once more, on free, level ground, her breath came back to her, and she stretched away with new courage.

After running at high speed for half a mile farther, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and, *by a wide circuit*, seek her fawn. But at

the moment, she heard a sound that chilled her heart.

It was the cry of a hound to the west of her!

The crafty brute had made the circuit of the slash, and cut off her retreat.

There was nothing to do but to keep on; and on she went with the noise of the pack behind her. Below her, down the mountain slope, were clearings. Cows and young steers were grazing there. She heard a tinkle of bells. Broken patches of woods and fences intervened; and a mile or two down, lay the valley, the shining Ausable, and the peaceful farm-houses.

Spell:—

pān'le	ga zēllē'	elīmbed	in stīnet'lvē ly
skīpped(t)	stēpped(t)	tēn'der	ēm'pha sīzed
whīn'ing	in tēnt'ly	serām'bled	rē'as surēd'
brēak'fast	prōb'a blý	ap pēal'ing	dēm'on strā'tion

Synonyms. — *plaintive* — complaining; lamenting; piteous. *crafty* — cunning; artful; sly; deceitful. *dilated* — distended; enlarged; expanded. *brute* — beast; savage. *pursuit* — chase; hunting.

Select the Compound Words in Lessons XIV and XV, and analyze them into the simple words of which each is composed.

LESSON XXXI.

In'stInet, <i>knowledge without in-</i> <i>struction.</i>	dəub'led, <i>to go back over the</i> <i>same track.</i>
fū'gī tīvə, <i>one that flees from</i> <i>danger.</i>	jū'gu lar, <i>a vein in the neck, or</i> <i>throat.</i>
gānt'let, <i>challenge.</i>	vēn'i sən, <i>the flesh of deer.</i>

A DEER HUNT, FROM THE DEER'S POINT OF VIEW—Continued.

Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley! She hesitated; it was only for an instant. She must cross the Slide-Brook Valley if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped.

What was that?

From the valley ahead, came the cry of a searching hound! Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses.

The hunted doe went down the mountain, clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight; but consider what a shot it was!

The doe went on; she saw the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood-path; as she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing by a tree with a raised rifle. She heard the dogs

coming down the hill! With a tremendous burst of speed, she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank, heard the "ping," of a rifle bullet in the air above her!

The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more, she leaped into the traveled road.

Which way shall she go?

Below her in the wood, was a load of hay; a man and a boy with pitchforks in their hands were running towards her. She turned south, and flew along the street. The town was up: women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles; shots were fired.

At the big boarding-house, the summer boarders came out and cheered. It was all so sudden. There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence and went across the marsh toward the foot-hills.

It was a fearful gauntlet to run. But nobody except the deer considered it in that light. By this time, the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer

LESSON XXXI.

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struction.*

fū'gī tīve, *one that flees from
danger.*

gānt'let, *challenge.*

dōūb'led, *to go back over the
same track.*

jū'gū lar, *a vein in the neck, or
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doubled. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

When the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone. She was game to the top of her high-bred ears; but the fearful pace at which she had just been going, told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

I do not know her exact course through the maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and fearful wildernesses. She was a little confused in her mind where to go; but an instinct kept her course to the left, and, consequently, farther away from her fawn.

I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs; lying down, "dead beat" at intervals, and then spurred on at the cry of the remorseless dogs.

Late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett Mountain, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and *her pursuers*, she would be safe! Had she *strength to swim it?*

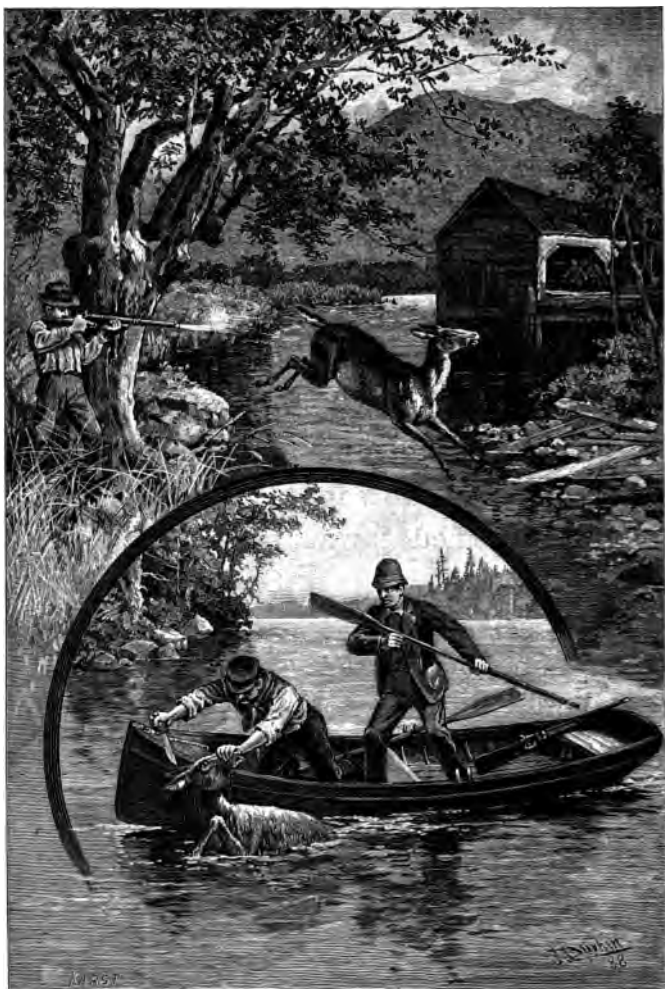
At her first step into the water, she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it; one was rowing, the other had a gun in his hand; they were looking towards her; they had seen her.

What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run! With only a moment's hesitation, she plunged into the lake and struck obliquely across.

Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the center of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of the oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence; then there was a splash of the water just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "confound it all!" and the rattle of the oars again.

The doe saw the boat nearing her; she turned to the shore whence she came, but the dogs were lapping the water and howling there. She turned again to the center of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite



A DEER HUNT.

exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with the paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a clergyman. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then, the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great appealing eyes.

"I can't do it! My soul, I can't do it!" and he dropped the paddle. "O let her go!"

"Let her go!" was the only response of the guide, as he slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit and came back. His doe *was nowhere to be seen*. He looked down

at the fawn in a helpless sort of a way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child, nothing but his sympathy.

If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father, but you can't live on them. Let us travel."

The buck walked away; the little one toddled after him; they disappeared in the forest.

"From *A-Hunting of the Deer.*"

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Spell:—

rí'fles	shōul'der	hēs'itā'tion	tre mēn'dōūs
būl'let	sēv'ered	ob lique'ly	ōp'po sītē
lōl'ing	stāg'gered	pur sū'ers	eōn'sequent ly
vāl'leý	mēr'ci ful	çir'eqit	re mōrsē'less

Synonyms.—*novel*—new; strange; unusual. *exhausted*—tired out; wearied; fatigued. *exultation*—great delight; joy; triumph. *appealing*—beseeching; pleading.

Charles Dudley Warner (born in Massachusetts, 1829), one of the proprietors of the *Hartford Courant*, is the author of sketches and essays. Those which first attracted attention were written for his own paper, during his summer vacations in the Adirondacks, White Mountains, or they were written from abroad. Later, he contributed the "*Backlog Studies*," a collection of essays for *Scribner's Monthly* (now *The Century*). He is noted for his quaint, delicate humor, sportive satire, and clear, pure diction.

LESSON XXXII.

hăunts, *visits frequently.*
 glim'mer, *to gleam ; to glitter ;*
 a faint light.
 war'-whoop, *shout of Indians*
 in war.
 prowls, *seeks for prey.*

erës'cent, *the new moon, in her*
 first quarter.
 mead, *low, level grass land, some-*
 what wet.
 wăx'ing, *to become larger or*
 fuller.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
 And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
 That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whip-poor-will,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps are heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here ;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more ;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago ;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
 By night the red-men came,
 And burnt the cottage to the ground,
 And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
 And hid the cliffs from sight;
 There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
 And prowls the fox at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spell:—

gá'tumh's	whíp'-póór-wíll	o'beyéd'	prowls
rús'ling	míld'súm'mér	phéas'ant	shrieks
bírch'en	wóód'lánd	ráńgéd	háwk
mín'gling	sought (sawt)	for báde'	clíffs

Synonyms.—*startled*—frightened; alarmed; shocked; surprised. *slew*—killed; murdered; slaughtered. *sprouting*—budding; growing out; shooting. *was wont*—accustomed; used; habituated. *neighboring*—adjoining; near.

William Cullen Bryant (1794, Mass.—1878, N. Y.), American *poet* and *orator*, is

“One of the few immortal names
 That were not born to die.”

“No distinguished man was better known by sight than he.”

“O good gray head that all men knew.”

He was seen in all weathers, walking down to his office (*The Evening Post*) in the morning, and back to his house in the afternoon—“an observant antiquity, with a majestic white beard, a pair of sharp eyes, and a face wrinkled with age.” His poems *show* love of human freedom, and love of nature. He has not *only described* the beauties of the lakes, the mountains, and the

forests of his native land, but has caught the very spirit of our scenery. Well-known poems:—“*Lines to a Waterfowl*,” “*Thanatopsis*,” “*The Fringed Gentian*,” “*Our Country’s Call*,” “*Song of Marion’s Men*,” “*O Mother of a Mighty Race*,” etc., etc.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

1. Why do men hunt and kill animals ?
2. Is it not more for pleasure than for profit ?
3. Do men not cause great pain of body to animals by their cruel method of killing ?
4. Do they not cause great sorrow by breaking up families, etc.?
5. Was not the mother’s love, shown in Lessons XIV and XV, a strong, self-sacrificing one ?
6. Did the white-footed deer trust man ?
7. Was this trust sadly betrayed ?
8. What other wild animals are hunted and *uselessly* killed ?
9. Is it right to kill birds that their feathers may adorn girls’ hats and dresses ?

LESSON XXXIII.

in sîst', to be persistent, urging, or pressing.	părch, to dry up.
de spăîr', without hope.	vă'n'îsh, to disappear.
	fă'tal, causing death.

THE MIRAGE.

Many years ago a regiment of Egyptian troops was destroyed by thirst, in crossing the Nubian desert. The men were allowed only a limited quantity of water, and were suffering from extreme thirst.

While in this condition they were deceived by the appearance of what seemed to be a beautiful lake. The soldiers insisted

on the Arab guide's taking them to the water. It was in vain that he assured them that the lake was unreal, and refused to lose precious time by wandering from his course.

Words led to blows, and the guide was killed by the soldiers. The whole regiment turned from the track and rushed towards the welcome waters.

Thirsty and faint, they hurried over the burning sands. Their footsteps became heavy, their breath hotter and hotter, as they pushed deeper into the desert. They wandered farther and farther from the lost track where their pilot lay in his blood.

Still the lake glistened in the sunshine and tempted them to bathe in its cool waters. It seemed close to their eyes, but was never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished: the fatal lake had turned to burning sand.

Raging thirst and horrible despair! The pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert. They were afterwards discovered by the Arabs sent to search for them, *parched and withered* corpses.

Spell:—

de cēlvəd'	līm'it ed	hēāv'i er	E ġyp'tian
ex trēmē'	rāġ'ing	ġlis'tenəd	hūr'ried
wēl'cōmə	hōr'ri blə	rāġ'i ment	Nū'bi an

Synonyms.—*horrible*—dreadful; frightful; fearful. *delusion*—deception; error; false belief. *extreme*—greatest; highest; worst or best. *tempted*—attracted; enticed; allured. *discover*—found; disclosed; detected. A *Desert* is a barren plain. A fertile spot in a desert is called an *Oasis*.

The *Mirage* (mī rāzh') of the desert occurs over the hot surface, whenever the strata of the air increase rapidly in density from the surface upward. The rays of light from distant objects are reflected from one of the lower layers of air, and, entering the eye of the observer, appear to come from inverted objects, which seem to be surrounded by a sheet of water.

The mirage also occurs on the sea.

Questions on the Lesson.—Where is the Nubian desert? What is a desert? From what place were these soldiers? From what country was the guide? What is a fertile spot on a desert called?

COMPOUND WORDS.

Make as many compound words as you can from sea, self, man, ice, all, milk, sun, semi, steam, horse, white, and full.

Thus: from *sea*, we have

sea'man	sea'side	sea'-food	sea'-nymph
sea'-shore	sea'-beach	sea'-shell	sea'-foam
sea'-king	sea'-sick	sea'-serpent	sea'-flight

LESSON XXXIV.

e tər'ni tŷ, *the state which begins after death.*

lŭg'gagə, *trunks; baggage.*

eol'o nel (kŭr'nel), *commander of a regiment of soldiers.*

jŭs tŷ fi eā'tion, *a good reason for action.*

re prŭvə', *a suspension of the act of putting to death.*

sĕn'trŷ, *a soldier on guard.*

pāst'ŭrə, *grass for the food of cattle.*

dis pā'ch', *a message sent in haste.*

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one.

"The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only slept one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine!

"Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him—because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. 'Twenty-four hours,' the telegram said. Only twenty-four hours! Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," *said Mr. Allan, soothingly.*

"Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very mer-

ciful! 'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm' (and he held it out so proudly before me) 'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.' 'Go, then—go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan."

"Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Little Blossom sat near them, listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand.

"It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and he held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The clergyman opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Father: When this reaches you *I shall be in eternity*. At first it seemed

awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man.

“I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty!—oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you.

“I am going to write you all about it: and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now. You know I promised Jimmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and the luggage began to feel very heavy,—everybody else was tired, too. And, as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm, now and then, he would have dropped by the way.

“I was tired out when we went into *camp*, and then it was Jimmie’s turn to be

sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well—until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” said Mr. Owen. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me, to-day, that I have a short reprieve—‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death up against Jimmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat to let him die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear it! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me, as if He felt sorry for His poor, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him in a better, better life.

“To-night I shall see the cows all coming

home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back-stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come!

“God bless you all!

“Forgive your poor Bennie.”

Late that night, a little figure glided down the foot-path toward the Mill Depot. The conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life.

The President had just seated himself *to his evening task*, when the door softly

FOURTH READER.

opened, and Blossom, with downcast eye and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant cheerful tones, "what do you want?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes; I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand."

And the kind man, as ever, caught eagerly at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned

the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! And he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind, passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple, straightforward story, and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl, and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "*The soldier that could carry a sick com-*

rade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"

Spell:—

prě'ciouſ	sěn'ti nel	doubt	kitch'en
dōzəd	těl'e ġrām	Blōs'som	ěn'vél ōpə
prōmpt	sōōth'ing lŷ	blānchəd	mĭn'is ter
re lĭ'a blə	ġlō'ri ōūs lŷ	eon ġeələd'	dě'pot
eōn dūet'or	lān'tern	Wash'ing ton	prēs'i dent

Synonyms.—*anxiety*—care; solicitude; uneasiness. *disgrace*—dishonor; shame; reproach; discredit. *entreat*—beseech; beg; solicit; implore. *negligence*—neglect; slight; inattention; disregard. *interview*—conference; communication. *fervently*—ardently; earnestly; excitedly.

Spell the plural of these nouns.

Add s.

proof	turf	grief	scarf
hoof	surf	life	reproof
roof	dwarf	reef	mischief
chief	bluff	cliff	handkerchief

LESSON XXXV.

de fīeṣ', *dares; challenges.*
 eom mūnē', *hold converse.*
 ex hāleṣ', *breathes anew.*
 hār'bin ġer, *forerunner.*
 friv'o lōṣ, *trifling.*
 vāl'or ḡṣ, *stout; brave.*

prōd'i ġāl'i tȳ, *waste; extravagance.*
 in eār'ġer āt ed, *imprisoned.*
 rȳdē, *unpolished.*
 va gā'rīeṣ, *wanderings.*
 dīf'fi dent, *modest; reserved.*

A DISCOURSE OF FLOWERS.

Happy is the man that loves flowers,—loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them. But such men need no blessing of mine: they are blessed of God.

He who does not appreciate floral beauty — is to be pitied like any other man who is ~~is~~ born imperfect. It is a misfortune not ~~not~~ unlike blindness. But men who contempt—uously reject flowers as effeminate, and un—worthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarse—ness.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of cer—tain flowers by indulging false associations.—
 There be some who think that no weed.

can be of interest as a flower. But a flowers are weeds where they grow wild, and abundantly; and somewhere our rare flowers are somebody's commonest.

Generally, also, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine minutely a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet, if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes who could have no flowers were Nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

The first thing that defies the frost in spring is the chickweed. It will open its floral eye, and look the thermometer in the face at thirty-two degrees. It leads out the snowdrop and the crocus. Its blossom is liminutive: and no wonder; for it begins so early in the season, that it has

time to make much of itself. But, as a harbinger and herald, let it not be forgotten.

You can not forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called dandelions. There are many greenhouse-blossoms less pleasing to us than these; and we have reached through many a fence since we were incarcerated, like them, in a city, to pluck one of these yellow flower-drops. Their passing away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe, —a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks — who used to love them. The morning-glory — needs no praising: the vine, the leaf, the ~~the~~ exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate ~~the~~ and various colors, will secure it from neglect while taste remains.

We do not need to speak for that universal favorite, the rose. As a flower is the ~~the~~ *finest stroke* of creation, so the rose is the ~~the~~ *finest*

happiest hit among flowers. Yet, in the feast of ever-blooming roses and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple wild-rose, and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit-trees. What a great heart an apple-tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet: it gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom.

How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city-streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill-sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms *singing?* or is all this humming sound the

music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of any thing, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial: it is the sentient, vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life; a leaf advances toward it: but flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals.

Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

It is with flowers as with friends,—many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel-bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you; but they are color and form only. They seem strangers to you. They bring back nothing from time. They point to nothing in the future. But the wild—

brier starts a genial feeling: it is the country cousin of the rose, and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others.

It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers can not be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them as it would to admire a picture of Turner's or a statue of Thorwaldsen's.

And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

LESSON XXXVI.

stōw'a wāy, *a person who con-
ceals himself on board of a ves-
sel, when leaving port.*

ēn'gi neer', *one who manages an
engine.*

reeve, *to make fast.*

berth, *employment.*

jīf'fȳ, *moment; an instant.*

fōrē'eās tle, *forward part of the
vessel.*

whēlp, *a young dog; puppy.*

ad drēs's', *a place of residence.*

skīp'per, *the master of a small
vessel.*

nōr'-ēast'er, *a heavy north-east
wind.*

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

"About three years ago, before I got this berth that I have now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There was a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we had no end of a job in stowing it away.

"That made us late in starting; so that, altogether, you may think, the captain was not in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate either. As for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-going sort of a chap, that nothing on earth could put out.

"But on the morning of the third day out from Liverpool, he came down to me in a great hurry, looking as if something had put him out considerably.

"‘Tom,’ said he, ‘what do you think?’

Blest if we haven't found a stowaway!

“‘No!’ said I. ‘Who is he? Where did you find him?’

“‘Well, we found him stowed away among the casks forward; and, ten to one, we would never have found him at all, if the skipper’s dog hadn’t sniffed him out and begun barking. Such a little mite as he is, too! I could almost have put him into my tobacco-pouch, poor little beggar! But he looks plucky, for all that.’

•“I didn’t wait to hear any more, but flew up on deck like a sky-rocket: and there I did see a sight, and no mistake! Every man of the crew, and what few passengers we had on board, were all in a ring on the fore-castle; and in the middle, was the first-mate, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

“Right in front of him, looking like a mite among those big fellows, was a little bit of a lad, not ten years old—ragged as a carecrow; but with bright, curly hair, and bonnie little face of his own, if it hadn’t been so woefully thin and pale.

“But, bless your soul! to see the way at little chap held his head up, and looked out *him*; you would have thought the *whole ship* belonged to him!

"The mate was a great black-bearded fellow, with a look that would have frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the boy wasn't a bit afraid—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with those bright, clear eyes of his, for all the world, as if he was Prince Alfred, himself. You might have heard a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"‘Well, you young whelp,’ said he, in his grimmest voice, ‘what’s brought you here?’

"‘It was my step-father that did it,’ said the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. ‘Father’s dead, and mother’s married again, and my new father says he won’t have me about eating up his wages ; and he stowed me away when nobody was looking, and gave me some food, enough to eat for a day or two, till I got to sea. He says I’m to go to Aunt Jane’s, at Halifax ; and here’s her address.’

"With that, he slipped his hand into the breast of his shirt, and took out a scrap of paper, dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believed every word of it, even

“‘No!’ said I. ‘Who is he? Where did you find him?’

“‘Well, we found him stowed away among the casks forward; and, ten to one, we would never have found him at all, if the skipper’s dog hadn’t sniffed him out and begun barking. Such a little mite as he is, too! I could almost have put him into my tobacco-pouch, poor little beggar! But he looks plucky, for all that.’

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“Right in front of him, looking like a mite among those big fellows, was a little bit of a lad, not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow; but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face of his own, if it hadn’t been so woefully thin and pale.

“But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him; you would have thought the whole ship belonged to him!

LESSON XXXVII.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY—Continued.

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth is coming now?' But aboard ship, of course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was up in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' said the mate, in a hard, square kind of voice, that made every word seem like fitting a stone into a wall, 'you see that rope there? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth before the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears, and then, a low growl went among them, like a wild beast awaking out of a nap.

"'Silence, there!' shouted the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'-easter. 'Stand by to run forward!' and he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck.

"The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors, big strong chaps that could have felled an ox, that shook like leaves in the wind. As for

me, I thought of my own little curly-haire lad at home, and how it would be, if any one were to attempt to hang him.

“At the thought of it, I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they were grasping somebody’s throat. I clutched hold of a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

“‘Tom,’ whispered the chief-engineer to me, ‘do you think he really means to do it?’

“‘I don’t know,’ said I, through my teeth; ‘but if he does, he shall go first, if I swing for it!’

“I’ve been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt half so bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick of the mate’s watch pricked my ears like a pin.

“The men were very quiet, but there was an ugly look on some of their faces; and I noticed that three or four of them kept edging forward to where the mate stood, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I’d made up my mind that if he went to hang the poor little chap, I’d hang him on the spot, and take my chance.

‘*Eight minutes!*’ said the mate, his

LESSON XXXVII.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY—Continued.

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“The men were very quiet, but there was an ugly look on some of their faces; and I noticed that three or four of them kept edging forward to where the mate stood, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I’d made up my mind that if he did go to hang the poor little chap, I’d kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

“‘Eight minutes!’ said the mate, his

great, deep voice breaking in upon the silence, like the toll of a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for your time's nearly up!'

"'I've told you the truth,' answered the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down went the poor little chap on his knees and put up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (the fact is, my head was in such a whirl that I would hardly have known my own name), but I'll be bound, God heard it, every word.

"Then the boy stood up on his feet again, and put his hands behind him, and said to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, as I've seen the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out crying like a child; and I think there wasn't one of us that didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' said the mate, *smoothing* the child's hair with his great

hard hand. 'You're a truthful boy, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, since it is true that your father has cast you off, I'll be your father from this day forth, and if ever I forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kept his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little one's aunt, and gave her money to make the child comfortable; and now he goes to see the boy every voyage as regularly as can be; and to see the two together, is about as pretty a sight as ever I saw."

ANONYMOUS.

Spell:—

Bal'tie	snif'ed	tin'gled	yöüng'ster
Häl'i fax	cl'lnched	fü'ner al	seäre'eröw
New York	elütched	wö'ful ly	rëg'u lar ly
Liv'er pool	shrügged	erümp'led	eon sid'er a blý

Synonyms.—*extra*—beyond; outside of; uncommon; extraordinary. *steady*—fixed; regular; stable. *plucky*—spirited; courageous; resolute. *confess*—admit; grant; own; concede. *flinched*—withdrew from danger; shrunk. *clined*—to make a fist; to hold fast; to grasp firmly. *grim*—fierce; stern; sullen; sour.

CONTRACTIONS.

Write in full:—

you're	you'd	time's	could n't
what's	I'd	won't	haven't

LESSON XXXVIII.

reef, <i>a range of rocks near the surface of the water.</i>	pal'sied, <i>made unsteady by palsy.</i>
bēā'ēqn, <i>a lamp to guide sailors.</i>	erōnē, <i>an ugly old woman.</i>
sēx'ton, <i>one who rings the church bell.</i>	stānch, <i>strong and tight.</i>
bēl'frī, <i>a tower in which a bell is hung.</i>	grīēvēs, <i>moans ; mourns ; sorrows.</i>
	veīnēd, <i>full of veins.</i>
	stārk, <i>stiff.</i>

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel,
 With her face against the pane,
 Looks out across the night,
 And sees the beacon light
 A trembling in the rain.
 She hears the sea bird screech,
 And the breakers on the beach
 Making moan, making moan,
 And the wind about the eaves
 Of the cottage sobs and grieves,—
 And the willow tree is blown
 To and fro, to and fro,
 Till it seems like some old crone
 Standing out there all alone with her woe,
 Wringing as she stands
 Her gaunt and palsied hands ;
 While Mabel, timid Mabel,
 With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,



MABEL, LITTLE MABEL.

And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father; you are weeping.
O, Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is stanch and tight,
And your father knows
The perilous reef,
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls;
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry, old and high,

Unseen fingers sway the bell,
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them! God pity them!
Wherever they may be.
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain,
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane!

A boom! the light-house gun,
How its echo rolls and rolls!
'Tis to warn home-bound ships
Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky—
From the fort, a shaft of light!
See, it fades, and fading leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What makes Mabel's cheeks so pale?
What makes Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,
Down, down, and out of sight?
O watch no more, no more,

With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown,
By the beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold,
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair.
O, ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,
Who looks towards the beach,
And looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again,
Never watch and wake at night;
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the beacon light.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Spell :—

bēach	sā'nt'ly	shōal	ru'bles
yōn'der	bēa'eon	ēek'o	spīrē
sōl'emn	rōek'et	sā'l'ors	knēll
pēr'il ūs	pāl'sied	fūr'rōws	ghāst'ly

Synonyms.—*cleave*—rend; divide; part. *ancient*—old; antique; old-fashioned. *shaft*—ray; arrow. *gaunt*—lean; meager. *lullings*—soothing; quieting; composing.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836—) was born at Portsmouth, N. H., and is, at present, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine published in Boston. As *poet*, *prose writer*, and *editor*, he has contributed many poems and stories to the magazines of the day. He is also the author of a volume of choice stories—"Marjorie Daw, and Other People," "The Story of a Bad Boy," etc. His poetry is collected in one volume, called "*The Cloth of Gold*." Aldrich is always natural and pure.

LESSON XXXIX.

fu gee', a firelock.

fīrē'lōek, a gun with a lock.

wlēk'et, a small gate.

bār'raeks, houses for soldiers.

eam pā'gn', the time an army keeps the field.

un dīs'çi plīnēd, not disciplined; raw.

ALLEN'S CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

The men were at once drawn up in three ranks, and, as the first beams of morning broke upon the mountain peaks, Ethan Allen addressed them thus:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers, we must

this morning quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on, contrary to will. You that will undertake it voluntarily, poise your firelock."

At the word every firelock was poised.

"Face to the right!" cried Allen, and placing himself at the head of the center file, Arnold keeping at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open.

The sentry snapped a fusee at him.

The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in hollow square to face each of the barracks.

One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the apartment of the commanding officer.

"Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison," cried Allen, as he *reached the door*. At this, Delaplace, the

commander, came out, half dressed, with some of his clothes in his hand.

"Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen.

"By what authority?" asked Delaplace.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen.

Delaplace began to speak again, but was interrupted; and, at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head, he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

Thus was Ticonderoga taken, in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. What cost the British nation eight millions sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes, by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

Spell:—

GEORGE BANCROFT.

poisəd	Je hō'vah	əθ thōr'i tŷ	gār'ri sən
Ē'than	Inaş mŭch'	Mönt eălm'	eön'tra rŷ
De lâ'plăçə	dēs'per atə	Ĉön'ti nēnt'al	a pärt'mēnt
mount'ain	săe'ri fiçə	Ti eön'der ō'ga	dīs'çi plinəd

Synonyms.—*valor*—bravery; courage; heroism; boldness. *urge*—to impel; to incite; encourage; animate. *voluntarily*—spontaneously; willingly. *contrary*—adverse; opposite; opposing. *authority*—right; power.

George Bancroft (1800—), America's great *historian*, is still living, and, we trust, writing. He has nobly represented our country abroad as Minister to Great Britain, and Germany; and honorably filled several important offices at home. His "*History of the United States*," from discoveries through the Revolution, is a history of the people. As a history, it is thoughtful, dignified, and eloquent; its style is forcible, and full of beauties. So vivid is his description of places and persons, so detailed is his recital of conversations and events, that we close the volumes with the feeling that we have actually been living in those olden times, and grown up with the nation, knowing its heroes; suffering its early privations and wrongs; sharing its hopes, and rejoicing in its triumphs. American boys and girls should not feel satisfied until they have read this work. They will be truer patriots, better citizens, and nobler men and women, for having done so.

LESSON XL.

dis rūp't'ion, <i>breaking up.</i>	ba zāars', <i>market places.</i>
çel'e brät' ed, <i>distinguished;</i>	in eā'pa blē, <i>not admitting of.</i>
<i>famous.</i>	īm prēg'nāt ed, <i>mixed with.</i>
īr ri gā'tion, <i>the watering of</i>	pār'a pet, <i>a breast-wall.</i>
<i>land.</i>	ār'ti fī'çial, <i>made by man.</i>

PERSIA.

Persia is a large country in Asia, lying between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. In ancient times, Persia formed one of the provinces of the Assyrian Empire, on the disruption of which, it fell under the power of the Medes. Cyrus, one of its rulers, in the year 560 B.C., succeeded in establishing its independence, and afterwards consolidated it into a powerful kingdom.

During the reigns of several succeeding kings, the Persians gradually increased in wealth and power; and, conquering most of the surrounding nations, established a vast empire extending from Greece to the river Indus. This empire was afterwards broken up by Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, who completely destroyed the Persian army under Darius, the king, in three great battles.

Since the break-up of the Persian Empire, Persia has fallen successively under the dominion of the Romans, Arabs, and Tartars, but it is at the present time an independent kingdom governed by a native ruler, who is called the Shah.

Persia is more than twice as large as France; but a great part of it is incapable of cultivation, as it consists of high barren plateaus or table-lands. In addition to these, in the eastern parts of the country, there are great, treeless, sandy wastes or deserts, without a particle of vegetation, excepting in the narrow valleys which form the course of the few rivers that are found there.

In many districts of Persia, the soil is *largely impregnated with salt; indeed, the*

numerous salt deserts and salt lakes form the chief peculiarities of the country.

Every variety of climate is found in Persia, from the intense cold of the snow-clad mountain districts, to the almost torrid heat of the plains. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people and is well understood, especially the art of cultivation by artificial irrigation of the land.

There is a celebrated bridge at Ispahan, the former capital of Persia. This bridge has thirty-three arches, and on either side, instead of a parapet, a gallery extends from end to end, composed of seventy smaller arches. Aqueducts are numerous, and some of these are of very great length.

PRODUCTS.

By means of them, large tracts of country, that would otherwise be barren, are irrigated, and so brought under cultivation.

Rice, wheat, and barley are the usual crops; but millet, maize, beans, and peas are grown in great quantities. Cotton, indigo, sugar, and tobacco are also cultivated, and near some of the towns, large tracts of land *are entirely* set apart for the cultivation of

roses and other perfume-yielding flowers. Fruits are grown in abundance, and are excellent in quality.

ANIMALS.

The domestic animals of Persia are camels, horses, mules, buffaloes, sheep, and goats. The Persian horses are noted for their beauty, strength, and speed—especially those belonging to some of the nomadic tribes that live on the borders of the deserts. Mules are used more than any other animals for the transport of goods. •

Wild animals are numerous in some parts. The chief are lions, leopards, bears, wolves, and wild boars. The sturgeon is caught in the Caspian Sea, and also in the Persian Gulf. Birds are plentiful, and include pheasants, nightingales, and bustards.

INDUSTRIES.

The artisan population of the towns are skillful and industrious, and exhibit exquisite taste in their productions. Persian rugs and carpets are beautiful in color, rich in design, and of almost endless wear. Shawls and embroidered work are very highly prized, and much sought after. They are

mostly made from the long silky hair of the native goat interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

The Persians are also celebrated for their inlaid and damascened ware, which is brought to great perfection in the production of jewelry and swords. This trade is usually carried on in the bazaars of the large towns.

FIRE-WORSHIPERS.

There is still living in Persia a singular race of people called the Parsees, or Fire-worshipers. They adore fire, light, and the sun, as the emblem of the Deity. This worship is supposed to have been the early faith of the country.

The people of Persia are badly governed, and are very heavily taxed. There are but few good roads in the country, and these are infested with robbers. Shiraz, a town near the Persian Gulf, is noted as the residence and burial place of two great Persian poets—Hafiz and Saadi.

Spell:—

no mǎd'ie	Īn'di gō	mā'ize	mīl'let
rěs'i dençə	ār'ti san	būs'tards	in fěst'ed
stūr'gəon	Pēr'sian	jew'el rŷ	Dē'i tŷ
plěn'ti fŷl	əx'qui sŷtə	gōv'ernəd	tăxəd

Synonyms. — *infested* — disturbed ; annoyed ; harassed. *governed* — ruled ; controlled ; managed. *excellent* — worthy ; choice ; prime ; valuable ; exquisite. *nomadic* — wandering ; roaming. *transport* — carriage ; conveyance. *vast* — great ; huge ; mighty ; enormous.

The *Assyrian Empire* was one of the most ancient empires.

The *Medes* were a nation that inhabited the country of *Media*, which was situated south-west of the *Caspian Sea*.

Cyrus was a *Persian* king, the founder of the Persian Empire. He defeated the Medes. He also fought against the Assyrians and took Babylon by turning the course of the river Euphrates. He died 529 B.C.

LESSON XLI.

to and fro, backward and for-	beech, a tree.
wan'dered, strolled. [ward.	peeled, stripped off the bark.
shel'tered, protected.	strōw, to scatter loosely.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
 I've sat beneath the tree,
 Upon the school-house play-ground,
 That sheltered you and me ;
 But none were left to greet me, Tom,
 And few were left to know,

Who played with us upon that green
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced ;
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game
Beneath that same old tree ;
I do forget the name just now—
You've played the same with me
On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives,
By throwing so and so :

The loser had a task to do
There forty years ago.

The river's running just as still ;
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom ;
The stream appears less wide ;
But the grape-vine swing is missing now,
Where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—
Just forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low ; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach ;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark ;
'Twas dying sure, but slow,

Congress was carried away, as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue.

When the day arrived for discussion, the Declaration was taken up and debated, article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for action.

It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving toward the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached.

No sooner had the members taken their seats, than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal.

Around the bell, brought from England,

had been cast more than twenty years before the prophetic motto:

“PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND
UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.”

Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from that mysterious hall where the fate of a continent



was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear.

But at length, at about two o'clock, the

door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!"

The desponding bell-man, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle-blast. "Clang! clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on higher and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it.

J. T. HEADLEY.

LESSON XLIII.

<i>eō' horts, regiments. In the Roman army, a cohort contained about five hundred men.</i>	<i>sheen, brightness. waxed, became; grew. Gēn'tile, any one not a Jew.</i>
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DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
the sea,

When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
 blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever were
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail;
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

Spell and pronounce:—

sûrf	spēars	pûr'plē	Gāl'i lee	dis tōrt'ed
Bā'al	dēad'ly	nōs'tril	ăh'tum	glēam'ing

LESSON XLIV.

hăr'bin ġers, *forerunners.*söl'i tũdę, *loneliness.*In'fi del, *an unbeliever.*vo ġif'er ătę, *to utter with a
loud voice.*măen, *manner; bearing.*elăm'or, *noise; an uproar.*In ġi dęnt'al, *happening with-
out regularity.*ăr'ehit tęt'ũrę, *style of building.*păr'a dĩa, *a place of supreme
happiness.*

BIRD VOICES.

Among the delights of spring, how is it possible to forget the birds?

Even the crows are welcome, as the sable harbingers of a brighter and livelier race. They visited us before the snow was off, but seem mostly to have betaken themselves to remote depths of the woods, which they haunt all summer long.

Many a time shall I disturb them there, and feel as if I had intruded among a company of silent worshipers, as they sit in Sabbath-stillness among the tree-tops. Their voices, when they speak, accord with the tranquil solitude of a summer afternoon, and resounding so far above the head, their loud clamor increases the religious quiet of the scene instead of breaking it.

A crow has, however, no real pretensions to religion, in spite of the gravity of his

mien and black attire; he is certainly a thief, and probably an infidel. The gulls are far more respectable, in a moral point of view. These denizens of sea-beaten rocks and haunters of the lonely beach come up our inland rivers at this season, and soar high overhead, flapping their broad wings in the upper sunshine.

They are among the most picturesque of birds, because they so float and rest upon the air as to become almost stationary parts of the landscape. The imagination has time to grow acquainted with them: they have not flitted away in a moment. You go up among the clouds and greet these lofty-flighted gulls, and rest with them upon the sustaining atmosphere.

Ducks have their haunts along the solitary places of the river, and alight in flocks upon the broad bosom of the overflowed meadows. Their flight is too rapid for the eye to catch enjoyment from it, although it never fails to stir up the heart, with the sportsman's instinct. They have now gone further northward, but will visit us again in autumn.

The smaller birds—the little songsters of

the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings, and claim human friendship by building their nest under the sheltering eaves, or among the orchard trees—these require a touch more delicate, a gentler heart than mine to do them justice.

Their outburst of melody is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. We need not deem it a too high and solemn word to call this melody a hymn of praise to the Creator, since Nature has expressed the sentiment of renewed life in no other sound save the notes of these blessed birds.

Their music, however, just now, seems to be incidental, and not the result of a set purpose. They are discussing the economy of life and love, and the site and architecture of their summer residences, and have no time to sit on a twig and pour forth solemn hymns, or overtures, or operas.

Anxious questions are asked; grave subjects are settled in quick and animated debate; and only by occasional accident, as from pure ecstasy, does a rich warble roll its tiny waves of golden sound through the *atmosphere*.



BIRD VOICES.

Their little bodies are as busy as their voices; they are in a constant flutter and restlessness. Even when two or three retreat to a tree-top to hold council, they wag their tails and heads all the time with the activity of their nature.

The blackbirds are the noisiest of all our feathered citizens. Great companies of them—more than the famous “four and twenty” whom Mother Goose has immortalized—congregate in the tree-tops, and vociferate with all the clamor and confusion of a turbulent political meeting. Politics, certainly, must be the occasion of such noisy debates.

Of all bird voices, none are more sweet and cheerful to my ear than those of swallows, in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn. They address the heart with even a closer sympathy than robin red-breast.

But, indeed, all these winged people that dwell in the vicinity of homesteads seem to partake of human nature, and possess the germ, if not the development, of immortal souls.

We hear them saying their melodious *prayers* at morning's blush, and eventide.

A little while ago, in the deep of night, there came the lively thrill of a bird's note from a neighboring tree—a real song, such as greets the purple dawn, or mingles with the yellow sunshine. What could the little bird mean by pouring it forth at midnight?

Probably the music gushed out of the midst of a dream in which he fancied himself in Paradise with his mate, but suddenly awoke on a cold, leafless bough. That was a sad exchange of imagination for reality!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Spell:—

hŷmæ	re lġ'ion	in tēr'or	æ quā'nt'ed
bŏ'som	re āl'i tŷ	pār'a dīsæ	sus tā'n'ing
ŏp'er æs	pōŷr'ing	tūr'bu lent	vo çif'er ātæ
ee'sta sŷ	in trŷd'ed	sŷm'pa thŷ	hŏmæ'stēæds
ġrāv'i tŷ	vī çl'n'i tŷ	prē tēn'sion	ŏ'vert ūræs
Sāb'bath	lānd'scāpæ	stā'tion a rŷ	im. āġ'i nā'tion

Synonyms.—*accord*—harmonize; to agree in tone. *tranquil*—quiet; calm; peaceful. *denizens*—inhabitants; dwellers. *site*—situation; position; location. *solemn*—grave; serious; sober. *lofty*—high; tall; towering; elevated. *ecstasy*—rapture; bliss; enthusiasm.

LESSON XLV.

fowl'er, <i>a hunter of wild fowls.</i>	brink, <i>the bank of a river.</i>
mărk, <i>to observe.</i>	mărgă, <i>margin ; border of river</i>
plăsh'y, <i>watery.</i>	<i>or lake.</i>
il lîm'it a blă, <i>without bounds.</i>	chăfăd, <i>worn by rubbing.</i>

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through the rosy depth, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seeks't thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—
The desert and the illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spell:—

mīdst	fānkəd	ō'cean	whith'er
dēpths	seek'st	a bÿss'	swal'lōwəd
eōəst	thou'rt	a rīgh't'	wan'der īng
stōōp	rōz'ÿ	pāth'lēsə	āt'mos phērə

Synonyms.—*coasts*—shores; banks; borders. *solitary*—lonely. *illimitable*—boundless; immeasurable; limitless; vast; infinite. *wander*—roam; rove; stray. *dark*—gloomy; rayless.

EXERCISE IN SYNONYMS.

Fill up the blank spaces with words that are synonymous with those used in the text.

"Dost thou — thy — way?" "The desert and — air, lone — but not lost." "Yet stoops

not —— to the welcome land, though the —— night is near." "And soon, that —— shall ——; reeds shall bend soon o'er thy —— nest." "He who, from zone to zone, —— through the —— sky thy certain flight, in the long way that I must —— alone, will —— my steps aright."

Questions on the Lesson.—1. Does the poet see the waterfowl at morning or evening? In what poetic way is this stated? 2. Might not "*falling dew*" and "*crimson sky*" be in the morning? 3. Is the flight of the bird near and visible? 4. Where is it going? 5. How does it know the way? 6. Can man so easily find his way upon the ocean, or desert, or in the forest? 7. What lesson was the poet taught by the bird? 8. What "*long way*" must every one "*tread alone*,"? 9. Must it be taken *entirely alone*?

For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they have comforted me.

PSALM XXII, 4.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing; and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows.

MATTHEW X, 29, 31.

CONTRACTIONS.

Write these contracted expressions in full:—

I'll	isn't	there's	'twas	thou'rt
don't	it's	I'm	can't	we'll
I've	'tis	didn't	hasn't	you've

Thus: I'll = I will.

LESSON XLVI.

ăpt, <i>fit; suitable; appropriate; meet.</i>	chăr'acter, <i>the qualities, or traits of a person's disposition and conduct.</i>
de fēncə', <i>a protection; a safe-guard.</i>	rēp'ū tā'tion, <i>good name; honor; public esteem.</i>
chăr'i tŷ, <i>kindness in judging of men and their actions.</i>	re strā'nt', <i>the act of holding back.</i>
jūdgē, <i>to criticise; to pass opinions upon.</i>	rēs'o lūte, <i>firm; constant in a purpose.</i>
ēn'er gēt'ie, <i>forcible; active.</i>	

CHOICE QUOTATIONS.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.

Proverbs are the cream of a nation's thought.

There are no footprints backward.

PROVERB.

Do to-day thy nearest duty.

GOETHE.

What I do now, I do once and forever.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Not only strike while the iron is hot,
but make it hot by striking.

CROMWELL.

The dying never weep.

PROVERB.

Education is the cheap defence of nations.

EDMUND BURKE.

He is a wise man who always knows
what to do next.

PROVERB.

To be womanly, is the greatest charm of woman.

GLADSTONE.

No man ever became great or good except through many and great mistakes.

GLADSTONE.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. BIBLE.

Faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. BIBLE.

Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother. TUPPER.

God has put something noble and good into every heart which he has created.

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS).

Among the pitfalls of our way,
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

ALICE CARY.

Something noble, something good, something manly, something godlike is knocked off a man every time he gets drunk.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Intemperance wipes out God's image and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

If I take care of my character, my reputation will take care of itself. D. L. MOODY.

Strength of character is not mere strength of feeling—it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The world belongs to the energetic man.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Spell and pronounce:—

Bûrkə	Ġlăd'stonə	Tûp'per	strēnġth
Ċă'rŷ	Ġoə'the (ġē)	Mōd'ŷ	ġōd'likə
o rġ'i nal	in tēm'per anġə	Ċrōm'well	wŷ'manlŷ
Dŷk'enz	Ġough (ġōf)	Tġōm'as	re străġnt'
Ċlēm'enz	eoun'ter fəit	Ċar lŷlə'	fōōt'prints

Synonyms.—*charity*—love; benevolence; good will; liberality. *reputation*—credit; reputé; estimation; esteem; fame; honor. *resolute*—determined; decided; firm; persevering. *restraint*—repression; hindrance; check; curb; stop.

Questions on the Lesson.—1. Which quotations may serve us in our own conduct in life?

2. Which may guide us in our conduct toward others?

3. Which quotations contain general truths briefly stated?

4. Which quotations incite us to energy? to perseverance? to temperance? to charity? to gentleness? to economy? to upright conduct?

LESSON XLVII.

pá'thos, *feeling ; emotions.*mél'o dý, *succession of single
tones.*sū'per seríp'tion, *something
written on the outside.*mōōr, *a heath ; a fen.*

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely ; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves, it soothes.

It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to grasp with broken sobs through the ruins and fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humor of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender, quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids.

We admire the bravery of Ireland, which may have been broken, but never has been bent,—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We *give unfeigned praise* to that purity of *feeling* which surrounds Irish women in

the humblest class, and amidst the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity.



We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that *no distance* can weaken, and that *no time* can chill. We feel satisfied with

our humanity, when we see the servant girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connaught, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster.

We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the railroad laborer, as he bounds, three thousand miles away, at the sound of repeal, or at the name of O'Connell; and yet more as his hand shakes, when he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which his childhood lay, is an angel from the fields, the hills, streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported.

We remember, with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirit of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at *moonlight*, that in pale and melancholy

splendor appear like ghosts of her ancient heroes.

HENRY GILES.

Spell:—

gri'evés	his tór'ie	ghōsts	sāne'ti tŷ
sōōthes	rā'di ançə	hē'rōes	sēn'ti ment
re pēal'	frāg'ments	buoy'ant	ae knōw'l'edgə

Synonyms.—*grandeur*—vastness; sublimity; nobility. *sanctity*—holiness; purity; piety. *memories*—recollections; remembrances. *quaint*—unusual; odd; singular. *radiance*—brightness; brilliancy; splendor; glitter. *sentiment*—feeling; opinion; notion; thought. *pathos*—passion; tender emotions.

LESSON XLVIII.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach;
 It needs the overflow of hearts
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

LESSON XLIX.

sāgē, *wise ; grave ; prudent.*
 pāmph'let, *a few sheets of pa-
 per stitched together in the form
 of a book.*
 ān'tī-slāv'er ŷ, *opposed to slav-
 ery.*

ēāp'i tal, *money to invest.*
 āb o lī'tion, *the doing away with
 certain laws, customs.*
 me mō'ri al, *a statement of
 facts in the form of a peti-
 tion.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706—1790).

One of the Americans who rendered the greatest services to the liberty of their country was Dr. Benjamin Franklin. He was born in Boston, in 1706, and was the son of a poor tallōw-chandler. When a boy, he learned the printer's trade; at seventeen he left home, and established himself in Philadelphia.

He and a young partner began business with no capital, and felt very grateful to a friend whom they met in the street and who gave them a five-shilling job. Afterward they set up a newspaper, and published an almanac called "Poor Richard's Almanac," which had a great circulation. They also dealt in all sorts of small wares—rags, ink, soap, feathers, and coffee.

Franklin was a great reader, and a great student of science, and especially of *electricity*. He formed the theory that light-

ning and the electrical fluid are the same thing. This he said in a pamphlet, and some readers thought it a very absurd view. Then he resolved to prove it. He and his young son made a great kite of a silk handkerchief, fastened a piece of sharpened wire to the stick, and went out to fly the kite in a thunder-storm.

As the low thunder-cloud passed, the electric fluid came down the string of the kite. When Franklin touched a key that he had fastened to the string, his knuckles drew sparks from it, and proved that there was electricity there. This led him to invent the lightning-rod, which is now in almost universal use. This discovery at once made him very famous in Europe, as well as in America.

He was afterward sent to England on a public mission, and remained there till the outbreak of the Revolution. Returning to America, he was one of the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was sent to France as ambassador, and aided in making the treaty with France which secured the independence of the *American colonies*.

He was a man of the greatest activity, public spirit, and wit. He exercised great influence in all public affairs, and founded more good institutions and benevolent enterprises than any other American of his time. His last public act was to sign a memorial to Congress in behalf of the Philadelphia Anti-slavery Society, of which he was president, asking the abolition of slavery.

He lived to the age of eighty-four, dying in 1790. The whole nation mourned when he died. Mirabeau, then the leader of the French Assembly, called him "the sage whom two worlds claim as their own," and proposed that the Assembly should wear mourning on the arm for him during three days, which was done.

It was said of him after his death, by a celebrated Frenchman, Turgot, that "He snatched the lightning from the sky, and the scepter from tyrants!"

Spell and pronounce:— THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

flŭ'ld	Bĕn'ja mĭn	Phĭl a dĕl'phi a
ā'ld'ed	ē'lee trĭç'i tŷ	In'de pĕnd'ənçə
sĕrv'ĭç əs	em bās'sa dor	ĕn'ter prĭs'əs
eōl'o nieš	pärt'ner	hānð'ker chĭf
əl'ma nae	mōŭrnəd	(hān'k'er chĭf)
knŭk'ləs	In'sti tŭ'tions	Tur gōk

Synonyms.—*absurd*—unreasonable; ridiculous; foolish. *resolved*—determined; decided. *tyrant*—despotic ruler; an oppressor. *theory*—opinion; hypothesis. *established*—fixed; settled; decreed; founded. *famous*—renowned; celebrated; illustrious.

LESSON L.

Quāk'ers, <i>members of a religious sect, called also Friends.</i>	wharf, <i>a place for the loading and unloading of ships.</i>
Dūch-dōl'lar, <i>an old Holland coin.</i>	be eālməd', <i>ship could not sail for want of wind.</i>
rēs o lū'tion, <i>decision; purpose.</i>	pūf'fŷ, <i>light; swelled out.</i>

FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

I was in my working dress, my best clothes having to come by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch-dollar, and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes

more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls.

I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's *father*; when she, standing at the door, saw

me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance.

Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us; and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which had by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very tired through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that,

in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many.

Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter.

All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying pan, it smelt admirably well.

I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you."

So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything

one has a mind to do.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Spell:—

bis'ekit	pŭf'fŷ	stóm'æk	hæŭlɛd
gāz'ing	dræŭght	sur prɪzɛd'	Bös'ton
fə tɪŭtɛd'	(dræft)	æw'k'ward	be eälmɛd'
trāv'el ing	dɪf'fer ençɛ	ap pɛər'ançɛ	rɛə'son ə blɛ

Synonyms.—*generous*—open-handed; liberal; magnanimous. *directed*—conducted; ordered; commanded. *drowsy*—sleepy; dull; heavy; stupid. *inclination*—desire; disposition; bent; love. *heartily*—cordially; sincerely; warmly. *admirably*—wonderfully; appropriately; excellently. *ridiculous*—absurd; ludicrous; laughable.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —

LESSON LI.

rŭɛ, *to repent of; to regret.*
 flăt'ter ŷ, *insincere praise to*
 gain favor or to gratify vanity.
 vŏl un tã'ri lŷ, *to act from one's*
 own will.

hoist'ed, *lifted; exalted; ele-*
 vated.
 dŏmɛd, *to have sentence pro-*
 nounced; condemned.
 de lŭd'ed, *mised; deceived.*

ANECDOTES OF FRANKLIN.

1.

AN AX TO GRIND.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow,"—"Oh yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"*Alas!*" thought I, "it was hard enough

to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

2.

"DON'T GIVE TOO MUCH FOR THE WHISTLE."

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being

charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one.

I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Spell:—

whis'tle	tugged	tick'led	mē thinks'
bār'gain	rās'eal	trū'ant	mī's'er ies
hōl'i dāy	ae cōst'ed	at täch'ment	eūs'tom ers
mis tak'en	vēx ā'tion	cōm'pli ment	çon tīn'ū ing

Synonyms.—*charmed*—delighted; fascinated; captivated. *understanding*—knowledge; reason. *attain*—to achieve; to gain; to equal. *esteem*—respect; regard; prize. *estimates*—prizes; esteems; values. *accumulating*—amassing; collecting; piling up.

LESSON LII.

colt, the young of the horse kind.

stilt'ed, legs long and slender.

ē'quinē, belonging to a horse.

pēas'ant, a farm laborer.

pōst-eōach, a carriage for the mail and travelers.

mās'tif, a large dog noted for courage.

mount'ain eer', one who lives near or on the mountain; a rustic.

dōč'ilē, easily managed; teachable.

brīt'tlē, easily broken; fragile.

pōs til'ion, a driver of a pair of coach horses.

SOMETHING ABOUT HORSES.

Nowhere among domestic animals do we find such ungainliness, awkwardness, and misproportion as in the colt.

His stilted legs, short body, and diminutive neck, hardly suggest the possibility of good equine development. His hair is coarse, his tail and mane are stubby, and his gait is, to the last degree, awkward.

But, although not born beautiful, the colt is born to beauty, and every month of his development, until full maturity, is marked by increasing grace and improved *proportion*.

Nature is far from being an attentive mother to the horse; this is shown by the coarse, rough coat of the wild specimen, which, with his developed form, gives him more the look of an awkward donkey than that of the noble steed as we know him in our stables.

The horse which claims our admiration as a thing of beauty and of power, owes very much to the refining touch of man, exerted by slow degrees through many generations.

A thousand years of care and attention have given us at last an animal combining strength and grace, endurance and agility, courage and gentleness.

To reach this perfection, and to retain it when reached, have cost a great outlay of study, labor, and treasure.

The mountaineer of the Carpathian range shows an affection for his horse, and an intimacy with him, such as are seen perhaps nowhere else. This delicate and affectionate little animal is to the family what the doll is to the child.

Hardly larger than a good-sized mastiff, *this horse* becomes in a certain measure the

house-dog of the family, and lives under the same roof, if not, indeed, in the same apartment. What the father, mother, and children have to eat they freely share with him, and they are, indeed, more liberal in showering their love upon this cherished quadruped than upon any other of their domestic animals.

The little horse returns their affection, nestles his delicate head in the bosom of his protector, plays gently with his children, and allows them to fondle him at will.

He is also an extremely useful member, literally sharing in the necessary labors of the farm and in the road service.

He and his master, yoked together, form the team which drags to market the winter's product of wood. When the load is light or the wagon empty, the horse draws the burden alone, but whenever needed, the human shoulder is bowed to the yoke.

This docile beast knows neither bit nor curb, whip nor rein. The intelligent animal needs no guidance except in case of difficulty or doubt, and then he always waits for a suggestion from the beckoning hand, or help from the stout arm.

The Swedish peasant is less affectionate toward his small, thick-bodied, and long-haired pony, which is driven out in the autumn, and for half the winter seeks his scanty and sorry forage on the plain. With his fore-feet he scrapes away the snow, and nibbles the moss, which cracks between his teeth like brittle glass.

Until the most severe weather comes on, this animal is brought home only for domestic work, and to perform the occasional post-coach service for travelers.

In Sweden the passenger transport is a jealously-guarded prerogative of the peasants, who have the right to perform the service in regular rotation.

If the so-called "extra post" arrives at a post-station, the postilion whose turn for service it is, and who is often a sturdy peasant girl, mounts her horse, gallops to the station, has the animal harnessed to the vehicle, and gives the traveler the reins,—for carriage and sled are both too small for two persons, and every traveler is his own coachman, and he bears his own *whip*, often armed with a sharp nail.

The horse starts off at a smart trot,

the girl running briskly at his side. She frequently keeps pace with him for miles, falling behind only when he is urged to a gallop.

Even then she trots on briskly to the next station, where she is sure to find her beast at the post-house, dripping with perspiration, and awaiting his owner. Mounting again, she gallops mercilessly home with the price of her horse's service in her pocket.

The Swedish horse seldom shortens pace from a trot or a gallop, but the heavy beast of Belgium and the Rhineland almost as seldom indulges in either of these gaits. These low-land animals are of almost elephantine proportions, and when at work on the road, they follow with careful tread the well-selected track of their leader.

So unaccustomed are they to any other guidance, that their great freight wains would be in grave danger if the teamster were elsewhere than at the head of his team, marking the course they are to follow.

Though these heavy animals show no skill under the rein, they are all the more *reliable without it*, stepping with the greatest

care almost in the very footsteps of their leader. On steep descents, without the rein to hold them back, they throw their great weight in the harness, almost sitting on their haunches, to prevent the heavy wagons from descending too rapidly.

Spell and pronounce:—

stüb'bŷ	dī mīn'ū tīvə	full	ex ert'ed
sŭg gĕst'	ma tŭ'ri tŷ	un tīl'	çqŭr'agə
för'agə	īn'ti ma çŷ	steed	trĕas'ŭrə
Swĕd'ish	in erĕas'īng	lā'bor	nĕs'les
lit'er al lŷ	de vĕl'op ment	gāl'lops	vĕ'hi clə
Bĕl'gi ūm	gĕn er ā'tions	dŏŋ'kəŷ	a pārt'ment

Synonyms.—*domestic*—tame; homelike. *specimen*—part; model; pattern. *grace*—beauty; charm; favor; elegance; nice form. *admiration*—wonder and pleasure; surprise. *agility*—activity; nimbleness; briskness. *guidance*—direction; government; a leading.

LESSON LIII.

stĕppĕs, <i>vast plains in south-eastern Europe and Asia.</i>	vīc'tor, <i>winner in a contest.</i>
mĕt'tlĕ, <i>spirit; courage.</i>	chām'pi on shĭp, <i>the right to challenge, and defend.</i>
tāŭt, <i>tight, as a rope.</i>	ĕ'quīnĕ-bĕlt, <i>to gain leadership.</i>

SOMETHING ABOUT HORSES—Continued.

The horse of the steppes of Southern Russia can scarcely be called a domestic animal at all. He never enters a house,

and seldom comes under a roof, but roams about in great herds. It is customary to keep among them a few powerful stallions, one of which is the leader of the rest, and together, they govern the whole.

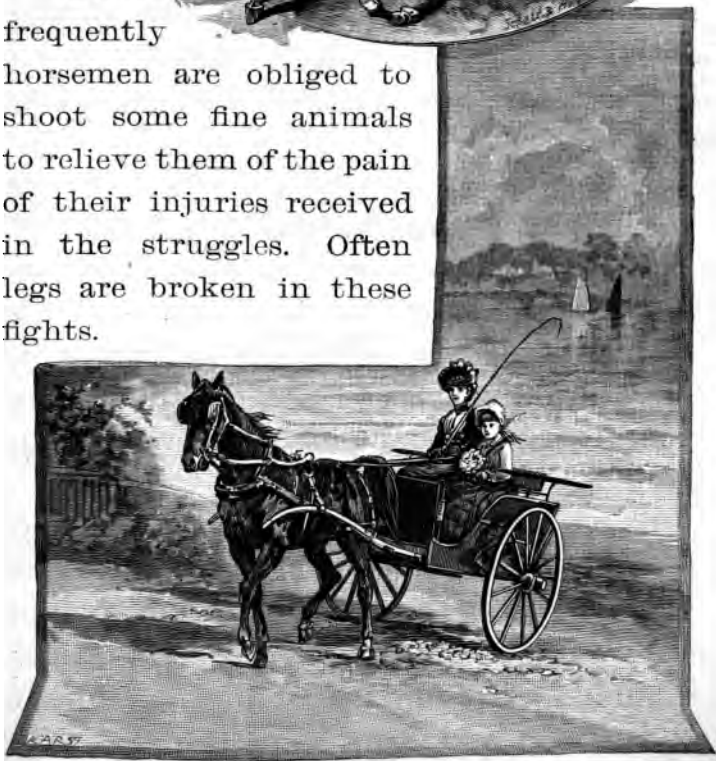
When a new stallion comes into a herd, its ruling lord approaches him with pride and dignity. With bristling manes, lofty tails, and gleaming eyes, they slowly draw nearer and nearer until they can stretch out their necks for that momentary touch needed to the interchange of thought among horses.

Suddenly one of them screams, turns sharply around, and flings his hind feet high in the air. Were the blow to strike, it would be fatal; but the other is on his guard. Turning as quickly as his opponent, he performs the same antics, which they both seem to understand as throwing down the gauntlet.

This is followed by nearly mortal combat. Turning face to face, they rise on their hind-feet and seize each other's necks and crests with their teeth, tearing away shreds of flesh and skin, and inflicting wounds which leave bald scars for life.

Indeed, so fiercely do these stallions contend for superiority that

frequently horsemen are obliged to shoot some fine animals to relieve them of the pain of their injuries received in the struggles. Often legs are broken in these fights.



The struggle is kept up sometimes for hours, until one of the animals, exhausted, turns tail upon his foe. The victor, satisfied with this declaration of defeat, closes the contest, and marches quietly to the head of the herd, where he is recognized as master; the vanquished opponent following in the common herd without again pressing his claims for championship.

This struggle for the equine belt is the only serious hostility that arises among them. These horses of the steppes are quite peaceable among themselves, and neither shy of man, nor hostile to him. Their owners walk among them as among a flock of sheep; but the horses do not permit themselves to be touched. They do not resent the attempt, but merely move beyond reach.

The method of catching and breaking these horses for sale is quite peculiar. When the purchaser has pointed out the animal he desires, and the price has been agreed upon, he is asked whether he will have him broken or wild. If broken, he must *pay for the trouble*, which is often not *slight*, especially as the horse is to be de-

livered either on the same day, or early on the day following the purchase.

The seller, armed with a rope made of hemp and horse-hair, with a large noose at one end, mounts a tame horse, and rides slowly into the herd. The rope is seemingly fastened to his left leg, and the noose is dropped on the ground near the chosen horse in such a way that he will step into it with his hind-feet.

This being done, the horseman quietly draws the rope taut, and rides quickly around the captured horse, and, entwining him in the rope, throws him to the ground. Assistants immediately take possession of him, annoy him, and prevent his rising.

After a few useless efforts to escape, the horse yields and submits quietly to his fate. While lying down, he is bitted, bridled, and saddled. This being effected, one of the assistants bestrides him, and the others ply the thong.

The horse is released; and, rising with his unusual weight, terrified by the blows and by his rider, he flies over the extended plain with the speed of the wind. The *horseman* lets him rush on where he pleases.

At length, strength, breath, and mettle give out, and he would gladly halt. Then the whip is applied; and he is urged to further efforts. As often as his pace slackens, he is goaded on. At last, utterly exhausted, he sinks to the ground, helpless to move another step. Panting, groaning, covered with sweat and foam, trembling in every limb, with distended nostrils and heaving flanks, the poor beast loses all power and courage.

The rider now dismounts and handles his steed by the ears, by the feet, or by the tail, with a freedom which would have cost him his life an hour before. The disheartened brute moves never a muscle, but allows himself to be bridled and unbridled, saddled and unsaddled, and mounted at pleasure.

He is trained and taught the fundamental lesson that he is henceforth to submit to one mightier than he.

As a rule, the horse is a kindly and good-tempered beast. He is malicious only when made so by the brutality of his keeper.

Spell:—

Rūs'si a	fā'tal	re sĕnt'	pĕāçĕ'a blĕ
(rūsh'i a)	ăn'ties	eĕm'bat	as sĭst'ants
bru tal'i tŷ	serĕams	re lĕāsĕ'	pow'er fŷl
vāp'quish	mōr'tal	dĭġ'ni tŷ	In'ter chāngĕ'
(vāpk'wish)	brĭs'tĭng	ġāunt'let	stāl'ion (yŷn)

Synonyms.—*opponent*—adversary; antagonist; opposer. *vanquished*—conquered; surmounted; overcome; confuted; silenced. *malicious*—ill-disposed; envious; malevolent; spiteful; resentful. *entwining*—entangling; entwisting. *recognized*—acknowledged; conceded; allowed; owned. *combat*—a battle; engagement; conflict; contest; encounter; fight; strife.

 LESSON LIV.
māġ'ie, *enchantment.*rō'se atĕ, *of a rose color.*| reveal'ing, *disclosing; showing*| spŷrn'ings, *scornful refusals.*

SOMETIME.

Forever my heart is stirred

By the magic that lies in the word "Sometime;"

When the burdens of life are heavy to bear,

I say to myself, "Sometime," somewhere,

An end will come to all my care,

"Sometime, sometime."

I shall find the heart that beats for me,

Rich with beauty the world will be,

My ship shall come sailing over the sea,

"Sometime, sometime."

"Sometime," I know
Fresh roses will blow,
In place of those that are lying low;
The sun will melt the drifts of snow,
And life will burn with a roseate glow,

"Sometime, sometime."

"Sometime" the shadows which darken my way
Shall rise like the mists of the morning gray,
Revealing the splendors of glorious day,

"Sometime, sometime."

My soul shall be warmed with the sun's own light,
My heart shall be glad and the world grow bright,
And forever shall vanish the black, black night,

"Sometime, sometime."

When peace is fled,
And hope seems dead,
I live in the glory of "Sometime,"—
I whisper the story of "Sometime,"—
I weave into rhyme the beautiful time,
The radiant, rose-colored "Sometime."

Sometime the day shall borrow
The splendor that gilds the morrow
Sometime the burden of sorrow

Will fall at my feet.

Sometime the beautiful only
Will brighten my pathway lonely,
And life will be sweet.

Oh! the golden, glorious "Sometime;"
The marvelous, magical "Sometime;"

The strivings and yearnings, the heartaches and
burnings,

The bitter despairings, the mournings, and spurn-
ings,

Will cease with the dawn of "Sometime."

No monarch who ever has sat on a throne,
In all his dominions could claim for his own,

So rare, so fair a possession as this;
The realm where the golden possible lies—
Shut out from the vision of grosser eyes,

Encircled about in a halo of bliss.

So, forever my heart is stirred,

By the magic that lies in the word "Sometime;"
And when all the sands of my life are told,
And Death lays hands on me icily cold,
Where the great throne stands, my eyes shall behold
The white-robed bands in the streets of gold,
"Sometime, sometime."

Spell:—

gîlds	I'ci ly	mōurn'ings	en cîr'eləd
rhymə	splēn'dor	yēarn'ings	de spāir'ings
stîrkəd	rā'di ant	hēart'-āchəs	mār'vel ōūs
hā'lō	mōn'arəh	do mīn'ions	thrōnə

Synonyms.—*monarch*—sovereign; king; ruler; emperor. *dominions*—realm; domain; sovereignty; empire; authority. *marvelous*—wonderful; astonishing; incredible; surprising. *encircled*—encompassed; inclosed; surrounded; environed. *gilds*—brightens; illuminates *stirred*—moved; awakened; incited.

LESSON LV.

tū'mūlt, *noise ; confusion.*
 rēalm, *province ; domain.*
 līv'id, *leaden-colored.*
 a bȳss, *the great deep.*

mōn'ster, *something very great
 and terrible.*
 ad vēnt'ūre, *an undertaking
 with risk.*

A MAN OVERBOARD.

A man overboard !

What matters it ? the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing ; that dark ship must keep on her destined course. She passes away.

The man disappears ; he plunges, and rises again to the surface ; he calls, he stretches out his hands ; but they hear him not. The ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope. The sailors and passengers see the drowning man no longer ; his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows.

He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a specter is that disappearing sail ! He looks upon it with frenzy. It moves away ; it grows dim ; it diminishes. He was there but just now ; he was one of the crew ; he went and came upon the deck with the rest ; he had his share of the air and of the sunlight ; he was a living man.

Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell; and it is finished.



He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing under his feet but the yielding element.

When he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful

vegetations seize upon him, bind his feet, and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is becoming the great deep.

He makes part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate. But yet he struggles.

He tries to defend himself; he tries to sustain himself; he struggles; he swims. He—that poor strength that fails so soon—combats the unfailing.

Where now is the ship? Far away yonder, hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon.

The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to his death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds which are strange to man; sounds which seem to come not from earth, but from some frightful realm beyond.

There are birds in the clouds even as there are angels above human distresses;

.

but what can they do for him? They fly, sing, and float, while he is gasping.

He feels that he is buried at once by those two infinities, the ocean and the sky: the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

Night descends. He has been swimming for hours; his strength is almost exhausted. That ship, that far-off thing, where there were men, is gone. He is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss. He sinks, he strains, he struggles; he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen; he shouts.

Men are no more. Where is God? He shouts. "Help! help!" He shouts incessantly. Nothing in the horizon. Nothing in the sky.

He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks: all are deaf. He supplicates the tempest; the tempest obeys only the infinite.

Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters; within him, horror and exhaustion; beneath him, the engulfing abyss: no resting-place.

He thinks of the shadowy adventures of

his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. He clutches spasmodically, and grasps at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirlwinds, blasts, stars,—all useless!

What shall he do? He yields to despair: worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he gives himself up; he abandons the contest, and he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss forever.—*Les Misérables*.

VICTOR HUGO.

Spell:—

dēs'tinēd	stăg'gers	dēpths	dī mīn'ishēd
dis ap pēars'	drown'ing	spēc'ter	mōn'strōūs
pār'a lyzē	mīs'er a blē	frēn'z'y	ēl'e ment
prēc'i pīc es	pōp'u laçē	mōr'al	a byss'
ho rī'zon	liv'id	vīg'i blē	pāl'id

Synonyms.—*implore*—beseech; entreat; supplicate.
contest—struggle; conflict; battle. *pallid*—pale; wan.
descend—to go down; to fall. *abandon*—to give up;
to yield; to resign; to desert.

Victor Hugo (1803—1885) *poet, dramatist, and novelist*, is the best known and most widely read French writer of the day. He has no equal for vivid, detailed description. His command of language is wonderful; his style is powerful, full of dramatic force, and frequently sublime. No writer was more idolized by the French people; and at his death, no king, no general, no patriot was ever more sincerely mourned, or received more touching eulogies than those which accompanied Victor Hugo to his distinguished tomb. "*Les Misérables*," "*The Tollers of the Sea*," etc., are among his most popular works.

LESSON LVI.

cív'il lý, *politely; courteously.*
 çqûrtè'sý, *a slight bow, made by*
 bending the knees.
 fôrt'ûnè, *success in life.*
 steer'age, *below deck.*

fôr'èign er, *one belonging to a*
 foreign country.
 stew'ard ess, *a female waiter*
 on shipboard.
 päs'sen ger, *traveler.*

THE CHANGELINGS.

The good ship Armenia was on her way from Hamburg across the ocean to New York. Among her passengers, was a family of Germans, coming over to try their fortune in America. The family consisted of a comfortable-looking father and mother, and seven little children.

Little Marta, who was eight years old, took care of little Albrecht; and little Albrecht took care of little Peter: and Peter, in his turn, held fast to Jacob, Elsa, and Gretchen. Only Hans, the baby, was left out of the line, because nobody except the parents was big enough to carry him.

The stout-waisted young mother looked old and worn under the constant care of her little flock. Her husband, a sturdy, rosy-faced fellow, seemed devoted to her, *and carried little Hans from one end of the steerage to the other: not farther, though;*

for, when Hans cried, and he did so pretty often, the high-priced passengers would look very much troubled and annoyed. So, little Hans did not often venture beyond his limits, nor did the father and mother.

The little children attracted much attention on board the ship, for they all appeared at the same time, and always kept close together. They belonged to the steerage, but would sometimes get up into the second cabin, and come along to the chain dividing the first-cabin passengers on deck from those of the second.

There they would stand gazing over the dividing line, as if there was something very different on the other side of it. They were so small and dressed so oddly; the girls, in thick little petticoats that made them as round as casks, and the boys with trousers full of gathers all around the stout little waists.

They presented such a row of great blue eyes wide open, and such a line of grave little faces, that they created much amusement on the Armenia.

Among the first-cabin passengers, was *Mrs. Gray*, a lady who had but recently

LESSON LVI.

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The little children attracted much attention on board the ship, for they all appeared at the same time, and always kept close together. They belonged to the steerage, but would sometimes get up into the second cabin, and come along to the chain dividing the first-cabin passengers on deck from those of the second.

There they would stand gazing over the dividing line, as if there was something very different on the other side of it. They were so small and dressed so oddly; the girls, in thick little petticoats that made them as round as casks, and the boys with trousers full of gathers all around the stout little waists.

They presented such a row of great blue eyes wide open, and such a line of grave little faces, that they created much amusement on the *Armenia*.

Among the first-cabin passengers, was Mrs. Gray, a lady who had but recently

suffered a great grief in the loss of her only little girl, who had died very suddenly. She, too, had been a blue-eyed, fair-haired little one, and the poor mother's heart warmed to any other child who looked at her with blue eyes that reminded her of the lost darling.

From her seat on deck, Mrs. Gray used to watch these little foreigners. She often had a toy, or some candy to give them; and she could speak to them in their own language.

At last, Mrs. Gray grew so interested in little night-capped Gretchen, that one day she went down into the steerage itself, and sitting down on a trunk belonging to one of the emigrants, she proposed to the father and mother to adopt little Gretchen and bring her up as her own daughter.

"Give her to me, my good people," said she, "and you shall never have occasion to regret it. She seems a dear, loving little child, and my heart is empty now. My house will be brighter with a child's voice and laughter in it. Will you give me little Gretchen?"

The German mother looked at the father and did not say a word; only she hugged *baby Hans* closer to her bosom.

The father considered a moment, and then he said very civilly to Mrs. Gray,—
“If the lady will be gracious to allow us a little time for thinking of it, we will tell her as soon as we possibly can.”

So, “the lady” went back to her reclining chair on the deck, and became so interested in a novel she was reading, that Gretchen, and her little brothers and sisters passed quite out of her mind for the time.

But, down in the steerage, two anxious hearts were thinking, and thinking; and, after dinner, when people went on deck again, and were talking in groups or walking back and forth, suddenly there appeared the German father, accompanied by his wife, who, this time, held Gretchen in her arms instead of baby Hans.

They drew near Mrs. Gray, who came toward them, and the man addressed her.

“Respected Lady, we will give you our Gretchen,” he said. “There are seven of the children. Where shall we find food and clothes for so many when they grow bigger? We will give you our Gretchen. She is a very good little girl.”

The man made an awkward bow and

stepped back, while his wife, without speaking, put down the small Gretchen on the deck, and, leading her to Mrs. Gray, put the child's little hand in hers.

"Thou wilt be good?" she murmured in her own tongue. Then, bending down, she seized the lady's hand, kissed it, and turned away.

"Stop a moment. You are quite willing?" asked Mrs. Gray, taking the child up upon her lap.

"Yes, Lady, we are willing, because there are so much of us, you see," replied the father.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Gray, ready to end the scene which had brought the deck passengers about her.

The father and mother retired, and the little girl was given over to the care of the stewardess. After an hour, Mrs. Gray went down to her state-room to see her new possession, and kissed little Gretchen softly as she lay asleep, with one fist doubled up and tucked inside her other hand.

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star.

LORD BYRON.

LESSON LVII.

THE CHANGELINGS—Continued.

The next day she spent in loving care of the child. But the following morning, while Gretchen was still sleeping, Mrs. Gray came up on deck, when she met the father with an anxious expression upon his face.

"Lady," said he, "would you take our Elsa instead of little Gretchen? Gretchen is so little still. Elsa is a bit wiser. The mother thinks she cannot part with our Gretchen, and her heart has ached so all the night, that I have come to ask you if you will not take our Elsa instead?"

The man twisted his hat uneasily round in his hands, as he spoke.

"But you gave me Gretchen willingly," said Mrs. Gray.

"It is true, respected Lady," said the father, "but——"

Mrs. Gray laughed. "Well, I will see. Bring me Elsa to look at; though I think I want Gretchen most."

"Here she is, Lady," said the father, producing Elsa from behind his broad back, where she had stood concealed, and now

she stepped forth shyly, her finger on her lip, and blushing in spots all over her little rosy face.

"So this is Elsa! you seem like a nice little maid," said Mrs. Gray, smiling pleasantly at her. "Would you like to go with me and be my little American girl?"

"Yes," lisped Elsa.

"And not be lonesome for Hans, and Peter, and Albrecht, and Marta, and Jacob, and Gretchen?"

At this thought, the little girl clasped her father's hand and turned a deeper red than before, but she still thought she would like to be a "little American girl."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gray, with a sigh. "I will love Elsa, then; I will send back your daisy as soon as she wakes up, and will keep Elsa instead. Come here, dear."

The little girl drew her hand out of her father's, and advanced, but, when she saw him turn his back upon her and disappear down the cabin stairs, her heart failed, and she began to cry most pitifully, opening *her mouth* wide and displaying two rows *of short, white teeth like grains of corn.*

Mrs. Gray began to talk to her, and tell her stories to amuse her, and the tears were soon dried away, and Elsa found an appetite for the fine dinner at the long table with the kind lady.

Thus two days passed, with only one cloud over Elsa; that was when the row of flaxen heads appeared again at the dividing line, and five pairs of blue eyes stared admiringly over to their sister, who, wrapped in one of Mrs. Gray's pretty bright shawls, was sitting by her munching candy.

Elsa caught sight of them and began to sob, and her adopted mother was forced to depart hastily with her to the other end of the boat.

One day more, and the German father again appeared. "Lady," said he, "will you take our Peter instead of Elsa? We have four boys and only three girls, and we cannot spare our Elsa. She is always laughing and springing about in our home, and we cannot give her away. Will you take our Peter?"

"But I don't want Peter. I want a little girl," said Mrs. Gray, very much *annoyed*.

The father moved his feet uneasily. "Peter is a good, brave little boy," said he.

"I will think about it," sighed Mrs. Gray, in rather a discontented tone; and again making his bow, the man disappeared down the brass-bound stairs.

After thinking the matter over, Mrs. Gray thought that boys were quite interesting, and felt more disposed to take the little flaxen-haired Peter. So she sent for the German and his wife once more.

After a short delay, the whole family appeared before her, the father at the head, and the mother bringing up the rear with baby Hans.

"I have thought about changing Elsa for the boy," said Mrs. Gray, looking through her eye-glasses at the row of little faces before her, "and I will agree to do so, but this time there must be no mistake. If Peter would be happy, and is a good, truthful lad, I will give him an education, and try to start him fairly in some trade; but I cannot promise to bring him up as my own son, because—I wanted a girl! But *there must be no mistake this time, remember.*"

Little Peter stood looking immovable and placid, but the father answered for him:

"My Lady! Thanks for your great good intention for us. My wife and I believe in it, and that you would do well by our children—but—poor as we are—we cannot spare either Peter, Elsa, Gretchen, nor any one of them away from us! If the dear God please, in free America there will be room and bread for us all, and if we keep together till Hans is grown up, the children will support their mother and father and be glad to do so."

Mrs. Gray looked at them, partly vexed and partly relieved.

"Well," she said with a sad smile, "you are right. Keep your children, and may they live long with you for your comfort. Good-by, little ones! Good-by."

When the Armenia reached New York, Mrs. Gray was so busy looking out for her baggage that she forgot to look after her steerage friends, but they did not forget her. As her carriage drove away from the wharf, there they all stood, each little boy *with his cap* in his hand, and each little *girl bobbing* a courtesy—all except little

Hans. He was sucking his thumb, and was the last thing to be seen as his pleasant-faced mother held him aloft in her arms, while the father waved his cap.

Adapted from "Our Home."

Spell:—

gri'ef	a dōpt'	lūg'gagē	re li'evēd'
nōv'el	hūg'gēd	re elIn'Ing	rē'cent lŷ
ēmp'tŷ	grā'ciōūs	In'ter ēst ed	pro dūc'Ing
āēhēd	at trāct'ed	dīs'eon tēnt'ed	Ar mē'ni a
eāppēd	āw'k'ward	ae eōm'pa nŷed	fōr'ēlŷn ers

Synonyms.—*devoted*—attached; faithful. *gracious*—kind; favorable; friendly; benevolent. *amusement*—pastime; sport; fun; recreation; enjoyment; diversion; entertainment. *oddly*—queerly; funnily; comically; strangely; peculiarly. *venture*—dare; risk; hazard; undertake; attempt.

LESSON LVIII.

sur vey'ed', viewed; looked at.

a thwārt', across; over.

gū'burn, reddish brown.

tūr'bu lent, restless; refrac-
tory; noisy.

trūn'dlē-bēd, a low bed that
may be rolled under a higher
one, and drawn out at night for
use.

gū'di blŷ, so as to be heard.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?

I looked at John, John looked at me,

(Dear patient John, who loves me yet,

As well as when my locks were jet).

And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:—
“Tell me again what Robert said!”
And then I, listening, bent my head.

“This is his letter:—‘I will give
A house and land while you live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.’”

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought, of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care
Which I, though willing, could not share;
Of seven hungry mouths to feed;
Of seven little children's need;
And then, of this.

“Come, John,” said I,
“We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep.” So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First, to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
Her auburn curls, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir;
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.

I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
I whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in willful way,
 And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—
 So like his father. "No, John, no,—
 I can not, will not, let him go!"
 And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away.

And afterwards, toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,—
 Happy, in truth, that not one face
 We missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

MRS. E. L. BEERS.

Spell:—

börnə	un drierd'	toil	be friënd'
erä'dle	a thwärt'	än'gel	eqürt'e qüs
a llyht'	hüsk'i ly	präyer	æ cüs'toməd
stööpəd	Lil'i an	pä'tient	ëld'est

LESSON LIX.

a quăt'ie, <i>plants which grow in water.</i>	phe nôm'e nôn, <i>a remarkable appearance.</i>
târ'bid, <i>roiled; muddy; thick, not clear.</i>	In'ter spêrsed', <i>scattered here and there.</i>
de fl'cien çÿ, <i>failure; lack; want.</i>	vêrd'ûre, <i>greenness; freshness of vegetation.</i>

EGYPT.

Egypt is situated in the north-eastern part of the continent of Africa. The great river Nile flows through its entire length, and gives to the country beauty and fertility.

THE NILE RIVER.

The source of this river was for ages unknown to the civilized world, and many attempts have been made by travelers to discover it. In 1864, Captains Spike and Grant discovered that its main stream issues from the Victoria Nyanza, one of the largest lakes in Africa. Two other great African travelers, Livingstone and Stanley, have carefully examined the water-shed of the country draining into this lake. To the last two gentlemen, we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the interior of Africa.

After leaving the Victoria Nyanza, the

Nile flows for more than a thousand miles in a northerly direction. It is then joined by the Blue Nile, which rises in Abyssinia. The united stream now flows along a devious course of 2300 miles until it reaches the Mediterranean Sea. From the sea to the first cataract, a distance of 450 miles, there is no interruption to navigation; above that, it is interrupted by rapids and several cataracts.

The Nile below Cairo, the capital of Egypt, a hundred miles from the Mediterranean, spreads out into a broad, swampy river, fringed with bulrushes and other aquatic plants, and divides into two streams, which, branching out from each other, form the very fertile Delta of the Nile.

The inhabited portion of Egypt proper is mainly confined to the valley of the Nile, which, in its widest part, at the Delta, does not exceed ninety miles; in other parts, its width is only from four to five miles. On each side of the Nile valley is the dry, scorched African desert. If the river were to cease flowing, the fertile portion of Egypt would soon become engulfed by sand.

The water of the Nile is usually turbid; but, when filtered, it becomes clear, and is considered very wholesome. The most remarkable phenomenon connected with the river is its regular annual overflow, arising from the periodical rains which fall far south within the tropics.

As rain rarely falls in Egypt, the prosperity of the country depends upon the overflowing of the river; for, on the subsiding of the water, the land is found to be covered with a brown, slimy deposit of mud, which so fertilizes the barren soil that it produces three crops a year. Beyond the limits of the inundation, there is no cultivation, except on lands that are watered artificially.

The Nile begins to rise in June, and continues to increase until September. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh interspersed with islands, villages, towns, and plantations rising just above the level of the water.

The water remains stationary for a few days, and then begins to subside gradually, until the end of October, when the land *is left dry again.*

FARMING.

Now the peasants hasten to sow the seeds. Very little digging or plowing is required. As soon as the young plants appear above the ground they are regularly watered by an excellent system of artificial irrigation, which has been practiced in Egypt for thousands of years.

The water is raised from the Nile either by means of a water-wheel propelled by a donkey, or by a leathern bucket slung on the end of a pole, which is balanced on a prop and has a heavy weight placed on the other end. By the latter process a man can scoop up water that is considerably lower than where he stands, and convey it with ease into a large trough above him, from which it flows by inclined channels to the parts of the fields to be irrigated.

The land is soon covered with green crops, and a bountiful harvest is reaped in March. The time of the rising of the Nile is often an occasion of anxiety in Egypt; for should the inundation rise above its usual height it does great damage, and involves the population in distress: while, if it should not attain the ordinary height,

there follows a deficiency of crops or famine. But so regular are the operations of nature, that the water generally rises to about the same height.

THE CLIMATE.

The atmosphere in Egypt is extremely clear and dry, the temperature regular and exceedingly hot; though the heat is tempered during the daytime, for nine months in the year, by a strong wind which blows from the north, and which enables vessels to ascend the river against the stream.

The winter months are delightful, the air being cool and balmy, and the ground covered with verdure; later, the ground becomes parched, and in May the simoom, a hot wind, begins to blow into the valley from the desert plains, raising clouds of fine sand, and causing many diseases.

STRANGE FACTS.

It seldom rains in Egypt: in some places, not at all; nowhere, more than three or four times a year.

At night, the dews are copious, and the air cool and refreshing.

Showers of hail sometimes fall. Ice is

rarely seen; many Egyptians have lived to be old, and have not seen it.

Delta is the name given to the triangular piece of land found between the two mouths of some rivers. The word is derived from a letter of the Greek alphabet—Δ, delta.

Livingstone was an English missionary, and one of the greatest of African travelers. He died of fever in Central Africa in 1873, and his body was taken to England. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Henry M. Stanley is an American, and perhaps the most successful of African travelers. He was sent out by the *New York Herald*. He went in search of Livingstone, found him, and relieved his wants. He has since crossed the African Continent from East to West, and described many countries and peoples before unknown.

LESSON LX.

bār'ba rīsm, an uncivilized state.	çé're alş, wheat, rye, etc.
çiv'il İzəd, cultivated.	h'ē ro glŷph'ie, picture-writing of some ancient peoples.
des pŏt'ie, tyrannical; arbitrary.	an tŭ'ui tŷ, former ages.

EGYPT—Continued.

No country possesses such ancient or such grand monuments of antiquity as Egypt. It abounds in ruins of cities and magnificent temples, and its pyramids have been for ages the wonder of the world. More than 4000 years ago, when most nations were in a state of barbarism, Egypt was a

highly civilized country. Its kings were wise and powerful, and its priests and rulers highly educated.

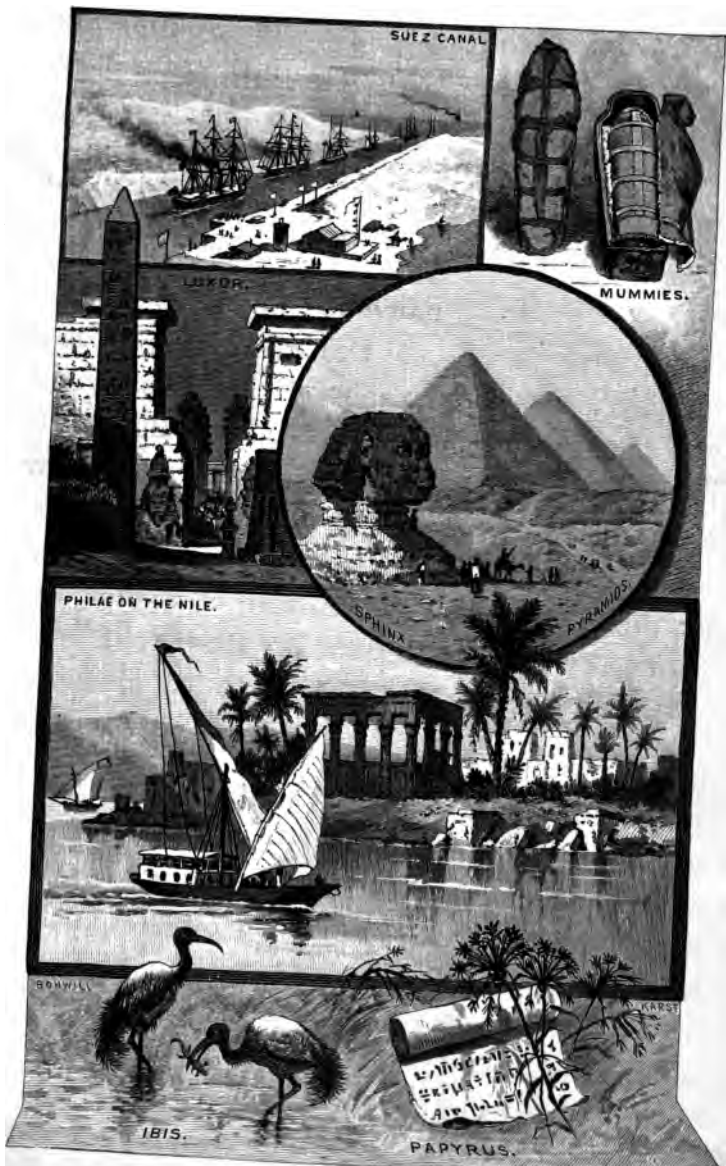
PICTURE WRITING.

When Abraham entered Lower Egypt from Canaan, the people had long enjoyed the advantages of a settled government. They had built cities, and invented a most curious kind of writing, perhaps the most ancient in the world. It is called hieroglyphical writing, and pictures of birds, flowers, animals and men were largely used in the composition of its words. With these picture words they wrote their poetry, or related their history.

The records of their kings have been preserved to this day in hieroglyphics cut upon highly polished granite stones which were erected in front of temples. Some of these stones are still standing, and one of them has been brought to this country. It is called the Cleopatra Needle, and is erected in Central Park, New York.

GOVERNMENT.

The Egyptians were formerly a very war-like nation, yet the country has been many



SCENES IN EGYPT.

times overrun by foreign foes. Ethiopians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs have ruled them by turns. The country is now under the dominion of the Turks, and is governed by a ruler called the Khedive, or Viceroy of Egypt.

PAPYRUS.

On the banks of the Nile there grew formerly a kind of rush called the papyrus. The ancient Egyptians used to collect this rush, strip off thin layers round below the bark, and use these for writing upon; and many poems, written by them in hieroglyphics upon this material, are now extant. From the name of this rush our word "paper" is derived. A most singular fact is that the papyrus is now nowhere to be found in the country.

MUMMIES.

One peculiarity of the ancient Egyptians was the great care they took of their dead, and even of some dead animals. They brought the art of preserving dead bodies, which is called embalming, to great perfection; and many thousands of these bodies *have been* discovered in a wonderful state

of preservation. The embalmed bodies are called "mummies." A number of mummies with their cases have been brought to this country, and placed in our museums.

The mummies of the kings, priests, and great men are found in splendid cases made of sycamore or cedar wood. These cases are often richly ornamented by painting and gilding, and covered with hieroglyphics which describe the rank, position, and merits of the person whose body is found within. When a mummy case is opened, the body is found wrapped tightly in many yards of cloth, and filled with various kinds of gums used in the embalming of it.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The pyramids of Egypt are the largest known buildings in the world. They are generally built on a square foundation, and usually present their sides to the cardinal points. The most famous are constructed of huge blocks of stone, so arranged that the outside looks like four immense flights of stairs leading to a small platform on the top.

There are a number of them in Lower Egypt and several in Nubia. Some of them

are built of unburnt bricks. The largest two are respectively 480 and 450 feet in height. The interior of several pyramids has been explored by enterprising travelers. From their discoveries, it is supposed that they were intended as the burial places of kings; but for which kings can only be dimly conjectured.

They form abiding memorials of the ancient condition of the country, and point out the existence of a teeming population under the rule of a great and despotic race of kings.

WILD ANIMALS.

The wild animals found in Egypt are apes, monkeys, jackals, hyenas, and in Nubia the lion. The hippopotamus and crocodile were once very abundant, but are now found only in the upper Nile. Birds, especially water-fowl, are very numerous. The ibis, in ancient times considered so sacred that the penalty for killing it was death, is still common.

INDUSTRIES.

The branch of industry for which Egypt is peculiarly well adapted by nature is *agriculture*; and large quantities of grain are

raised and exported; yet in that country, where three crops can be gathered in one year, farming is in a very low state. This condition is the result of the heavy taxes imposed by the government. The people are poor.

The chief articles of culture are rice, wheat, barley, maize, beans, lentils, flax, hemp, sugar-cane, and cotton. Fruits are abundant and good; apricots, peaches, pomegranates, lemons, figs, melons, dates, and grapes are the chief. The exports are grain, cotton, dates, and indigo.

SUEZ CANAL.

Of all the great public works carried out in Egypt, the one from which that country will derive the greatest benefit is the Suez Canal, one hundred miles long.

It is a broad, deep canal, and joins the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Vessels of large size are thus enabled to go to Australia, India, China, and Japan by a much shorter route than round the Cape of Good Hope.

This is one of the great triumphs of modern engineering skill.

Spell:—

in dēkt'ed	de pōs'it	an tīq'ui tŷ	fām'Inə
eāt'a rāet	præ'tīçəd	prēs'er vā'tion	lěv'el
būl'rush es	en gūlfəd'	pō'et rŷ	slīm'ŷ
bāl'ançəd	pē ri òd'ie al	pe eūl'iar lŷ	prĭests
vīçə'roy	khe dīve'	Ça'I'ro	Su'ez

Synonyms.—*devious*—winding; roving; rambling.
deficient—inadequate; defective; wanting; insufficient.
conjectured—surmised; guessed; inferred.
abiding—enduring; lasting; permanent.

Questions on the Lesson.—What relics of antiquity are found in Egypt? What proofs that the Egyptians were civilized people at a very early date? How did they dispose of their dead? What kind of writing did they use? What is the government of modern Egypt? What employment for its people? What products and exports? What advantages, and what disadvantages has Egypt?

◆◆◆

LESSON LXI.

ām'a tēur', one who studies an
art for pleasure.

ärt'ist, one skilled in some one
of the fine arts.

me chän'ie al, done as if by
machine, or by habit.

ex pound'er, one who explains.
es thēt'ies, the science of the
beautiful.

mē'di ātə, middling; only or-
dinary.

mōt'to, a brief sentence full of
meaning.

“WITH BRAINS, SIR.”

‘Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?’ said a brisk amateur student to the great painter.

“*With brains, sir,*” was the gruff reply—
and the right one.

It did not give much of what we call information, but it was enough to awaken the inquirer. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colors, in such and such proportions, rubbed so and so; or, perhaps, they would have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point.

Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With *brains*, sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the color and tone excellent: but—but—it wants—it wants *That!*" snapping his fingers; and wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was

done, how to copy this, and how to express that.

A student came up to the new master, "How should I do this, sir?"

"Suppose you try."

Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?"

"Suppose you look."

"But I have looked."

"Suppose you look again."

And they *did* try, and they *did* look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the "how" or the "what" been told them, or done for them.

In the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. Seeing is the passive state, and at best only registers; looking is a voluntary act: it is the man within coming to the window.

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything.

Let "*Tools and a man to use them,*" be your motto.

Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's "That," and try again and again, and look at everything for yourselves.

JOHN BROWN, M. D.

Spell:—

eól'orſ	áskəd	Jösh'u á	eăp'i tol
stŭ'dent	pro pŏr'tions	pĭet'ŭrə	a eăd'e mŷ
a wăk'ən	rŭbbəd	ănx'ioŭs	seĭ'en tĭf'ic
in quĭr'er	lăĭd	eăp'i tal	tă\k'a tĭvə

Synonyms. — *critical* — exact; fastidious; careful judgment. *with brains* — intelligence; understanding; comprehension. *preferred* — chosen; selected. *achieved* — accomplished; executed; performed; completed; realized; fulfilled. *passive* — inactive; inert; unresisting. *registers* — records; notes down; chronicles; enrolls.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792) was an English portrait painter of renown, and the author of several valuable works on the subject of painting as an art. He was a member of the celebrated "club" founded by Dr. Johnson, and lived in friendly intercourse with such men as Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, Percy, Langton, and Beauclerc.

John Opie (1761–1807), an English artist whose reputation rests on his manly independence and strong love of art. He stooped to no device to gain fashionable patronage, but entered calmly and unremittingly into that department of painting which he considered as the only style of high art, viz., historical or Scriptural subjects executed on a grand scale. Among his noted pictures are, "*The Murder of James I. of Scotland*," "*The Slaughter of Rizzio*," and "*Jephtha's Vow*."

William Etty (1787–1849) was an enthusiastic, resolute, and industrious English artist. He had an exquisite feeling for color, and generally chose subjects that afforded scope for displaying this talent, such as rich draperies, nude forms, etc. His nine larger pictures are now in the Scottish National Gallery.

LESSON LXII.

bārdſ, *poets ; writers of song.*rhŷthm, *the harmonious flow of
vocal sounds.*nūm'bers, *poetry ; verse.*thēmē, *a subject upon which a
person writes or speaks.*trans lātē', *interpret ; to render
into another language.*

THE UNWRITTEN SONG.

I have heard the songs of the masters
 And the bards of olden time,
 Whose thoughts and words are mighty,
 And their melody sublime.

And they sweep with an awful power
 Over and into my soul
 Like a wave of the heaving ocean;
 With a grand resistless roll.

Some of them stir my pulses
 Like the sound of the bugle-call;
 And some, with a soothing quiet,
 On my troubled spirit fall.

But I hear a song more mighty,
 More stirring and yet more sweet,—
 I know not whence it cometh,
 But my raptured heart doth beat

The rhythm and time of the music;
 And the grandeur of its theme
 Fills all my soul with beauty,
Like the magic of some bright dream.

I hear it in torrent and mountain
 And the ceaseless surge of the sea,
 In the voice of the breeze and the brooklet,
 All nature is singing to me.

Ah! could I but half translate it;
 Had I cunning of brain and hand
 To put it in words and numbers
 That men could understand,

I would waken melodious echoes
 With that still unwritten song,
 And the world would pause and listen
 As I have listened so long.

WILLIAM HOLLISTER WALL.

Spell:—

rĥŷthm	spĭr'its	sōōth'ing	bū'gĭē
sōūl	pūls'es	trōūb'lēd	măg'ie
sūrġē	mēl'ō dŷ	tōr'rent	hēāv'ing
eūn'nĭng	grănd'ēūr	ō'cean	re sĭst'less

Synonyms.—*magic*—sorcery; witchcraft; enchantment; conjuration; necromancy; charm. *cunning*—art; skill; dexterity. *grandeur*—sublimity; majesty; stateliness; loftiness; augustness; nobility.

William Hollister Wall (1858—) is the present editor of the *Evening News*, a daily paper published in Hoboken, N. J. Verses from his pen have frequently appeared in the magazines of the day. His poems are charming in rhythm, and poetic in thought and expression.

LESSON LXIII.

dis ǵǵis'es, *changes in dress and appearance.*

hōd'den-ǵrāy, *rough woolen cloth.*

rē'ǵal-pūr'plē, *court dress of a king.*

dēs'ti tūtē, *in want; needy; poor.*

pēn'sion, *a yearly sum paid by the government to retired officers or their families.*

prescrip'tion, *the direction for taking medicines.*

eūl'pa blē, *deserving blame.*

trans pīrēs', *to happen.*

A KIND-HEARTED EMPEROR.

Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, used to wander about his dominions under a variety of disguises.

He thus came within hearing of complaints which would never have reached him on his throne; and he was enabled personally to give help to the needy, and comfort to the sorrowing. On one occasion he was passing through the streets of Vienna, dressed as a private gentleman, gathering several useful hints from the casual remarks of those whom he addressed.

It is not often that hōdden-gray and regal purple are brought so closely together; not often that a king and his poor subjects speak freely to each other. As the emperor passed a church, his steps were *arrested* by an earnest appeal for charity.

He distributed some money amongst the applicants, and was about to proceed, when his attention was drawn to a boy about twelve years old who came timidly toward him.

“What can I do for you, my little friend?” said the emperor. He spoke kindly, and the child was encouraged to reply.

“Oh, sir,” answered the child, in a voice trembling with emotion, “you are so kind that you will not refuse to bestow your charity on me!”

“Indeed, I should be sorry to refuse you,” said the emperor; “but how is it you are begging? You were meant for something better; your voice, your manner, show me you are no child of the streets; why are you in tears, and why do you blush when you ask for help?”

“Your goodness, sir, encourages me to speak freely,” the boy replied. “For months past we have been destitute. My father was a gallant officer in the imperial army; compelled by sickness to quit the service, he supported his family on a pension granted to him by the emperor; at the beginning of this year he died, and we are left quite destitute.”

"Poor child! Is your mother alive?"

"She is, sir; and I have two brothers, who are with her now. She has been unable to leave her bed for weeks, and one of us must watch beside her while the others come out to beg!"

The child burst into a flood of tears.

"Take comfort, my boy," said the emperor; "we'll see what can be done to help you. Is there any doctor to be found near here?"

"There are two, sir, not a stone's throw from the church."

"That is well; fetch one of them to your mother's assistance. There is money, not only for the physician's fee, but to provide all things that may be necessary for weeks to come. Take it, child, don't fear; rest assured the good services of your father shall not go unrewarded."

The child gazed upon him in amazement.

"Oh, sir," said he, "how can I sufficiently thank you? You have saved my mother's life; you have also kept my brothers from want."

"Not a word, child; go, seek the physician."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and the emperor, having ascertained the situation of the house where he resided, bent his steps in that direction, and soon arrived at the dwelling of the unfortunate widow.

The apartment in which he found her was a scene of the greatest misery. There was scarcely any furniture, the mother having disposed of nearly everything she possessed to procure bread for her children. The poor woman was lying on a stump bedstead.

She was still young; but misery had rendered her pale and thin, robbing her cheeks of their bloom, and her eyes of their luster. She breathed with difficulty, and seemed to be threatened with that terrible disease, consumption.

When the emperor entered the apartment, the widow and her children regarded him with astonishment.

"I am a physician, madam," said the emperor, bowing respectfully; "your neighbors have apprised me of your indisposition, and I am come to render what service may be in my power."

"Alas! sir," she answered, with some

embarrassment, "I have no means of paying you for your attentions."

"Do not distress yourself on that account; I shall be amply repaid if I have the happiness of restoring you to health."

The emperor, with these words, approached the bed, made inquiries as to the symptoms of the disease from which the patient was suffering, after which he wrote a few lines and placed them on the chimney-piece.

"I will leave you this prescription, madam; and on my next visit I hope to find you much relieved." He then withdrew. Almost immediately after his retirement the eldest son of the widow came in with a medical man.

"Oh, mother," cried the boy, "a kind, good gentleman has given me all this;" and he poured the contents of the purse which the emperor had given him into his mother's hand. "There now, don't cry, mother; this money will pay the doctor and buy everything till you are well and strong again."

"A physician has already been here, my child, and has left his prescription. See, *there it is.*" The boy followed the direc-

tion which his mother indicated, and took down the paper which the emperor had written. No sooner had he glanced at its contents, than he uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise.

“Oh, mother! It’s the best prescription a physician ever wrote; it’s the order for a pension, mother—a pension for you—signed by the emperor himself; listen, mother, hear what he says:—

““Madam,—Your son was fortunate enough to meet me in the city, and he apprised me of the fact that the widow of one of my bravest officers was suffering poverty and sickness, without any means of assistance. I was ignorant of this, therefore I cannot be accused of injustice. It is difficult for me to know everything that transpires in my empire. Now that I do know of your distress, I should indeed be culpable did I not render you all the help I can. I shall immediately place your name on the pension list for the annual sum of two thousand florins, and trust that you may live many years to enjoy it.

““JOSEPH II.””

The widow and her children were taken

under the especial patronage of the emperor, and a brilliant career was opened out to the boys, who inherited all their father's bravery and mother's piety.

Happy emperor! whose life was made illustrious by good works, and who never lost the opportunity of doing a charitable deed.

Spell:—

com plā'ints'	va rī'e ty	il lūs'tri ōūs
dīs ē'age'	Vi ěn'na	pěr'son al lỹ
be stōw'	pī'e tỹ	dis trīb'ū ted
lūs'ter	im pěr'i al	em bār'rass ment
re lĩēvəd'	ăp'pli cants	a lăe'ri tỹ

Synonyms.—*casual*—accidental; occasional; incidental. *quit*—leave; surrender; resign. *amazement*—astonishment; surprise; wonder. *symptoms*—signs; indications; tokens. *indicated*—pointed out; marked; denoted; showed. *illustrious*—distinguished; famous; noted; celebrated. *sufficient*—enough; ample; adequate; proportionate; equal to.

Joseph II. of Austria (1741–1790) was the son of Francis I., and the celebrated Maria Theresa. He was King of Austria by inheritance, and the elected Emperor of Germany. He was a zealous reformer, and had the most noble aims in view for the good of his people; but he attempted to bring about great changes too quickly, and thus raised the opposition of both the nobility and the clergy. The people themselves were not intelligent enough to make a wise and good use of the greater liberties and privileges which their king desired to give them, and he was obliged to revoke many of the laws which he had designed for their happiness. Joseph II. was a good man, although perhaps not the wisest of kings. Much progress was made in art, manufacture, and commerce during his reign.

LESSON LXIV.

grūdǵ'es, *parts with reluctantly.*dōlē, *share; part; portion.*dēad'ly, *fatal; mortal.*fōld, *an inclosure for sheep.*plāint, *complaint; murmur; re-
pining.*fīg'ūrə of speech, *an idea ex-
pressed in flowery language.*

MY FEAR.

I have six children, and three are dead;

And three are out in the mad world's din,

Selling muscle and brain for daily bread,

In deadly odds with want and sin.

Life grudges to each the little asked—

So scantily dealing each pitiful dole,

Till it seems to be sometimes as if the price

Of living were paid with blood or soul.

For the other three I raise no plaint;

Sheltered close in a fold so warm and deep

That the ceaseless moan of the world's unrest

Touches not the calm of their tender sleep.

And nightly my tired heart has turned

To these six of mine, and nightly said:

"All of my fear is for those who live,

And none of my fear for the sheltered dead!"

J. H. KENNEDY.

Spell:—

mūs'çlē

prīçə

cālm

rāiçə

dāi'ly

pīt'i fūl

çēāsə'lēsə

world's

ōdds

scānt'i ly

shēl'terəd

tūçh'əs

me tōn'y mý

sýn ēē'do che

LESSON LXV.

sāl'lōw, *yellowish color.*
péd'a gōgùè, *school-master.*

ō'dor qūs, *fragrant; sweet-*
līt'i gātè, *go to law. [smelling]*

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,

Tall and slender, and sallow and dry.

His form was bent, and his gait was slow;

His long, thin hair was as white as snow;

But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;

And he sang every night, as he went to bed,—

“Let us be happy down here below:

The living should live, though the dead be dead,”

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,

Writing, and reading, and history too;

He took the little ones up on his knee,

For a kind old heart in his breast had he,

And the wants of the littlest child he knew.

“Learn while you're young,” he often said;

“There's much to enjoy, down here below:

Life for the living, and rest for the dead!”

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,

Speaking only in gentlest tones;

The rod was hardly known in his school:

Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,

And too hard work for his poor old bones;

Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said.

"We should make life pleasant, down here below:

The living need charity more than the dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door.
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain;
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.

"I need so little," he often said ;

"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate o'er me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown ;
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,—

"'Tis a glorious world, down here below :
Why wait for happiness till we are dead ?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west ;
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest !"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head.

There were angels waiting for him, I know :
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

"Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe ;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago."

LESSON LXVI.

ġen'iŭs, *great talent.*

in spĕc'tion, *careful survey;*

official view; examination.

tr'umph, *rejoice over.*

lŭx ū' ri anĉa, *overabundance;*
rank growth.

eăn'vas, *coarse cloth used for*
painting upon.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter.

The question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best.

So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command.

One painted a picture of fruit and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life.

Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

“Take the veil from your painting,” said the old man.

“I leave that to you,” said the young artist with simple modesty.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it.

But imagine his astonishment, when, as he tried to remove the veil, he found the veil itself to be the picture.

We need not say who was the lucky lover, for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill in fruit manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greater artist.

Spell:—

fō'li agə	veɪl	pən'çil	mōd'es tɪ
ʃər'nest lɪ	de ʃeɪlvəd'	trɪ'umph	boun'ti fʊl
cōv'et ed	re joɪçəd'	skɪlɪ'fʊl	as tɒn'ɪʃəd

Synonyms.—*bountiful*—plentiful; liberal; munificent; abundant. *manifested*—revealed; declared; evinced; made known; disclosed; discovered; displayed. *imagine*—fancy; conceive; think; apprehend; believe; suppose; deem; devise. *rejoiced*—*gladdened*; pleased; cheered; delighted.

LESSON LXVII.

pîn'ions, *wings.*vî'o lêts, *blue flowers of spring.*sêal, *a stamp ; a wafer that closes
a letter securely.*wôrm'wôod, *a plant having a
bitter taste.*freight, *a load or burden.*châff, *the husks of grain, or straw.*

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load ;
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be ?
 Would we wait with such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea ?

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
 Never trouble us again ;
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now ?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers !
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track !

How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown ;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone ;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day ;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;

Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day;
 With the patient hand removing
 • All the briers from our way.

PHOEBE CARY.

Spell:—

hēart'āchē	wāstē	strewn	freigh̄t
mēm'ō rīē	frown	prīzē	tōmb
vī'ō lēts	vēx	brī'ers	trōūb'lē
lōvē'lī	sī'lençē	pēr'fūmē	seāt'ter
pōrt'alē	thōrnē	re mīnd'	dār'ling
worm'wōōd	āc'çents	im pā'tiençē	a ġainst'
(wūrm)			(ġēnst)

Synonyms—*woe*—sorrow ; grief ; pain ; trouble ; affliction. *vex*—annoy ; irritate ; disturb ; anger ; provoke ; harass. *memories*—recollections ; reflections ; remembrances. *hasty*—thoughtless ; rash ; careless. *prize*—value ; appreciate ; esteem ; estimate. *slight*—neglect ; disregard ; scorn ; disdain

"*Alice and Phoebe Cary* were born near Cincinnati, Ohio. In later years, their home in New York City was the center of one of the choicest literary and art circles of that metropolis. They earned a living by the pen, and secured not only a competence for their wants, but enough to gratify their refined tastes, and to relieve the needy with their charity. The two sisters, ever one in spirit through life, in death were not long divided. Alice Cary died February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year ; Phoebe Cary died July 31st of the same year, aged forty-seven. They are both buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Cary sisters are authors of numerous poems, novels, and short stories, which have given them a deservedly high position in literature."

LESSON LXVIII.

dāw'nēd, *grown light.*rū'di ments, *first principles.*Im būēd', *impressed.*pār'lançə, *conversation.*pro lix', *long; detailed.*trītə, *worn out.*

EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Not long after the birth of George Washington, his father removed to an estate in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. The house was similar in style to the one at Bridge's Creek, and stood on a rising ground overlooking a meadow which bordered the Rappahannock.

This was the home of George's boyhood; the meadow was his playground, and the scene of his early athletic sports; but this home, like that in which he was born, has disappeared; the site is only to be traced by fragments of bricks, china, and earthenware.

In those days the means of instruction in Virginia were limited, and it was the custom among the wealthy planters to send their sons to England to complete their education. This was done by Augustine Washington with his eldest son Lawrence, *then about fifteen years of age, and whom*

he no doubt considered the future head of the family.

George was yet in early childhood; as his intellect dawned, he received the rudiments of education in the best establishment for the purpose that the neighborhood afforded.

It was what was called, in popular parlance, an "old field school-house," humble enough in its pretensions, and kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby, who, moreover, was sexton of the parish.

The instruction doled out by him must have been of the simplest kind—reading, writing, and ciphering, perhaps; but George had the benefit of mental and moral culture at home from an excellent father.

Several traditional anecdotes have been given to the world, somewhat prolix and trite, but illustrative of the familiar and practical manner in which Augustine Washington, in the daily intercourse of domestic life, impressed the ductile mind of his child with high maxims of religion and virtue, and imbued him with a spirit of justice and generosity, and, above all, a scrupulous *love of truth*.

When George was about seven or eight years old, his brother Lawrence returned from England, a well-educated and accomplished youth. There was a difference of fourteen years in their ages, which may have been one cause of the strong attachment which took place between them.

Lawrence looked down with a protecting eye upon the boy, whose dawning intelligence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George looked up to his manly and cultivated brother as a model in mind and manners. We call particular attention to this brotherly interchange of affection, from the influence it had on all the future career of the subject of this memoir.

Lawrence Washington had something of the old military spirit of the family, and circumstances soon called it into action. Spanish depredations on British commerce had recently provoked reprisals. Admiral Vernon, commander-in-chief in the West Indies, had accordingly captured Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Darien.

The Spaniards were preparing to revenge *the blow*; the French were fitting out ships *to aid them*. Troops were embarked in

England for another campaign in the West Indies; a regiment of four battalions was to be raised in the colonies, and sent to join them at Jamaica. There was a sudden outbreak of military ardor in the province; the sound of drum and fife was heard in the villages with the parade of recruiting parties.

Lawrence Washington, now twenty-two years of age, caught the infection. He obtained a captain's commission in the newly-raised regiment, and embarked with it for the West Indies in 1740.

He served in the joint expeditions of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in the land forces commanded by the latter, and acquired the friendship and confidence of both of those officers. He was present at the siege of Carthagena when it was bombarded by the fleet, and when the troops attempted to escalade the citadel.

It was an ineffectual attack; the ships could not get near enough to throw their shells into the town, and the scaling-ladders proved too short. That part of the attack, however, with which Lawrence was *concerned*, distinguished itself by its brav-

ery. The troops sustained unflinching a destructive fire for several hours, and at length retired with honor, their small force having sustained a loss of about six hundred in killed and wounded.

We have here the secret of that martial spirit so often cited of George in his boyish days. He had seen his brother fitted out for the wars. He had heard by letter and otherwise of the warlike scenes in which he was mingling.

All his amusements took a military turn. He made soldiers of his school-mates; they had their mimic parades, reviews, and sham fights. A boy named William Bustle was sometimes his competitor, but George was commander-in-chief of Hobby's school.

Lawrence Washington returned home in the autumn of 1742, the campaigns in the West Indies being ended, and Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth being recalled to England. It was the intention of Lawrence to rejoin his regiment in that country, and seek promotion in the army, but circumstances completely altered his plans.

He formed an attachment to Anne, the *eldest daughter* of the Honorable William

Fairfax, of Fairfax County; his addresses were well received, and they became engaged. Their nuptials were delayed by the sudden and untimely death of his father, which took place on the 12th of April, 1743, after a short but severe attack of gout in the stomach, and when but forty-nine years of age.

George had been absent from home on a visit during his father's illness, and just returned in time to receive a parting look of affection.

Augustine Washington left large possessions, distributed by will among his children. To Lawrence, the estate on the banks of the Potomac, with other real property, and several shares in iron works. To Augustine, the second son by the first marriage, the old homestead and estate in Westmoreland. The children by the second marriage were severally well provided for, and George, when he became of age, was to have the house and lands on the Rappahannock.

In the month of July, the marriage of Lawrence with Miss Fairfax took place. He now gave up all thoughts of foreign service, and settled himself on his estate on the

banks of the Potomac, to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the admiral.

Spell:—

sītə	chī'na	măx'imŋ	çit'a del
sīŋkt	sěx'ton	re vėngə'	re prī'sals
çītə	těn'ants	af fōrd'ed	prăe'ti cal
trăçəd	dűe'tlĭə	eām pā'ŋn'	rēc'ti tūdə
də'vynəd	eūs'tom	pre tén'sions	il lūs'trā tīvə

LESSON LXIX.

in trűst'ed, <i>confided to.</i>	Im plĭç'it, <i>undoubting.</i>
en dowəd', <i>furnished with something.</i>	wönt, <i>custom.</i>
děf'er ençə, <i>regard ; respect.</i>	nŏn'de scrĭpt, <i>not classified.</i>
	in hěr'it ed, <i>had by nature.</i>

EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON— Continued.

George, now eleven years of age, and the other children of the second marriage, had been left under the guardianship of their mother, to whom was intrusted the proceeds of all their property until they should severally come of age.

She proved herself worthy of the trust. Endowed with plain, direct good sense, *thorough* conscientiousness, and prompt *decision*, 'she governed her family strictly,

but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection.

George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood con-



tinued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death.

He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice.

Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading

to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work.

Her favorite volume was "Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations," moral and divine. The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life.

This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages.

Having no longer the benefit of a father's instructions at home, and the scope of tuition of Hobby, the sexton, being too limited for the growing wants of his pupil, George was now sent to reside with Augustine Washington, at Bridge's Creek, and enjoy the benefit of a superior school in that neighborhood, kept by a Mr. Williams.

His education, however, was plain and

practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or *belles-lettres*. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business.

His manuscript school-books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy attempts at calligraphy—nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his school-mates; the rest are all grave and business-like.

Before he was thirteen years of age, he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers—bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds, and the like.

This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts; so that all the concerns of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his accounts with Government, and all his

to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work.

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His education, however, was plain and

practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or *belles-lettres*. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business.

His manuscript school-books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy attempts at calligraphy—nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his school-mates; the rest are all grave and business-like.

Before he was thirteen years of age, he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers—bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds, and the like.

This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts; so that all the concerns of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his *accounts with Government*, and all his

financial transactions, are to this day to be seen 'posted up in books, in his own hand-writing, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practiced himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame, even in infancy, had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his play-mates in contests of agility and strength.

Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his school-mates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had formerly been military chieftain, he was now legislator of the school, thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

IRVING'S "*Life of Washington.*"

Spell:—

type	a gill'i tŷ	re fĕr'ed'	doubt'less
quoits	ŭm'pĭrĕ	re vĕrs'ed'	mŭs'eŭ lar
ſſ'er ŷ	ăth lĕt'ie	ex cĕll'ed'	rĕg'ŭ lĕt ed
eŏp'ied	chŷĕr'tain	mil'i tā rŷ	a chŷev'ment

LESSON LXX.

čĕn'sus, *official government valuation ; statistics.*

re mû'ner a tîvĕ, *paying ; profitable.*

rĕw, *in its natural state.*

môld, *fine soft earth.*

sĕd'i ment, *matter which settles to the bottom from water, or any other liquid.*

pĕr'ma nent, *lasting ; durable.*

im'ple ment, *instrument ; utensil ; tool.*

FORESTS.

Forests Yield a Vast Amount of Products Necessary for Civilized People.

Most people will be greatly surprised to learn that what we get from the woods is worth more than any other one crop. In 1880, the last census year, these products were worth \$700,000,000.

This immense sum is what the raw materials afforded by the forests are worth. But these raw materials are themselves the necessary foundation of a vast number of the most important industries, such as the manufacture of furniture, wagons, agricultural implements, railroad cars, pianos, organs and other musical instruments, house-building, and ship-building.

Indeed, every branch of manufacture, and every kind of work is directly or indirectly dependent upon the products of the forests *for their materials.*

Few Americans have studied forests with any other design than that of getting from them the greatest possible amount of immediate profit. Scarcely anywhere has care been taken to so use them that they should continue to yield their many-sided benefits to succeeding generations.

As a rule, no consideration has been given to the effect that forests have upon climate, rain-fall, droughts, floods, health, or the beauty and attractiveness of a region.

The first settlers cleared off, in the quickest and cheapest way, great forests of the finest trees which, if standing now, would be worth far more than the ground on which they stood can ever be worth for farming.

These splendid forests were cut down, hauled together, piled up, and burned to get rid of them. And this was called *improvement* of the land.

They often cleared in this way steep hillsides which yielded two or three good crops by means of the rich vegetable mold *that* always accumulates under a forest, *and then* became almost worthless, even as *pastures*, and entirely worthless for tillage.

In large regions so *improved* (?), springs and brooks fail in the dry season; and in a wet time, freshets and floods become more and more destructive.

Had these hillsides been kept as forests—that is, cut over and thinned out in such a way as to insure a new growth of equally good trees—they would have kept on affording in winter steady employment to the woodman; springs and streams would have preserved a more even and permanent flow; climate would have been more favorable for the production of crops, especially of fruits; men and animals would have enjoyed better health, and regions, now barren and thinly populated, would furnish a good living to large and vigorous populations.

Forests Prevent Certain Evils.

Among the evils which forests prevent are the following:—1st. Washing the soil from the hillsides; 2d. Depositing this material where it does great and lasting mischief; 3d. Floods in spring, and droughts in summer; 4th. Harm done by drying, chilling, or malarious winds; 5th. The shifting

of wind-driven sands which, when not held in place by forests or vegetation, often cover and ruin fertile land, and even bury fences and buildings; 6th. The multiplication of insects harmful to vegetation and crops.

**The Washing of the Soil from the Hill-sides, and Depositing
It where It does Great Harm.**

During the last two thousand years, there has been washed away from that portion of Italy which is drained by the river Po, enough soil to raise the *entire surface forty-five feet!* Much of this soil has been deposited into the channel of the river, raising little by little the bottom of the Po itself.

Dikes have been built, and made higher and higher, to keep the river from flooding the plains, through which it flows in the lower part of its course. These dikes and embankments are now so high that the river Po runs along far above the surrounding country in a sort of aqueduct.

The same thing has occurred in the lower course of the Mississippi. From the deck of a steam-boat, for a long distance above *New Orleans*, the traveler looks down on *the plantations*. This elevation makes the

pressure of the water, and the cost of keeping up the dikes, or levees, greater every year. When a break occurs in time of high water, of course it is more destructive, because the waters pour down from a higher level.

Now, were all the steep land in the Mississippi Valley, and around the upper sources of the river Po, kept covered with trees, as they should be, this enormous amount of sediment would not be carried down to raise the bottoms of the rivers, to compel the building of dikes, and to do so much harm in other ways.

If the forests of the Adirondacks are destroyed, the vast mass of vegetable mold, ashes, etc., which will be washed down into the Hudson will quite possibly ruin the navigation of that river and the harbor of New York; not to speak of the destruction of farms, factories, and towns lying where the floods can reach them.

Spell:—

sūc ceed'ing	hauled	ma lā'ri ā	dīkēs
nāv'i gā'tion	pl ā'nōs	āq'ue dūct	lōv'ees
Im provē'ment	mū'sic al	el'e vā'tion	fēr'tile
mūl'ti pli cā'tion	drainēd	vēg'e tā'tion	wāg'ons

Synonyms—*accumulate*—to collect; pile up; amass; gather; aggregate; heap together; increase. *benefits*—advantages; uses; profits; services; products; gifts. *remunerate*—to reward; pay; recompense; compensate; requite; re-imburse; repay; satisfy. *recreation*—amusement; diversion; entertainment; enjoyment; sport. *tillage*—cultivation; culture; farming; agriculture; husbandry.

LESSON LXXI.

drought, <i>want of rain; arid-</i> <i>ness.</i>	ex tēr'mi nāt ed, <i>utterly de-</i> <i>stroyed; rooted out.</i>
lāv'ishēd, <i>squandered; spent</i> <i>without necessity or use.</i>	eon vērt'ed, <i>changed; trans-</i> <i>formed.</i>
spēnd' thrift, <i>an extravagant</i> <i>person; a prodigal.</i>	In'sa lū'bri dūs, <i>unhealthy.</i>
trib'ū ta rŷ, <i>branch of river.</i>	pēs'ti lēn'tial, <i>producing sick-</i> <i>ness.</i>

FORESTS—Continued.

Forests Prevent Floods and Droughts.

When the snow melts and the spring rains fall, if there is nothing on the hill-sides to hinder the water from rushing down its slopes into the streams, it is lavished like the money of a spendthrift—where it does no good, and very likely much harm.

A torrent is a stream liable to extreme and sudden increase and decrease. It is small or quite dry in a dry time, but after

a rain it may suddenly rise to a great height, and as quickly shrink to its former size. By the loss of its once rich forests, the Ardesche, a tributary of the Rhone, became such a torrent. It has been known to rise sixty feet, and dwindle back to almost nothing within a few days.

The upper Hudson has all the conditions necessary for becoming such a torrent if once its forests are exterminated. It descends some 4,000 feet in a short and steep course from a region where there falls a great deal of rain and snow.

But the forests surrounding the headwaters of many of our large rivers *have* been cut away. The consequence is, heavy and damaging freshets and floods at one season, and, at another, lagging currents, and shallow channels impossible to navigate.

It is estimated that the flood in the Ohio River in 1883 destroyed \$60,000,000 worth of property, besides a great many lives: that of 1884, in the same region, though the waters rose five feet higher, did less damage only because the flood of '83 had left less property within its reach.

These same regions, overwhelmed by

floods in spring, are, in summer, visited by desolating droughts. Springs and wells dry up, the rivers "in lessening currents run," the crops are parched and withered, and man and beast languish in the intense heat.

Now, How do Forests Prevent these Evils?

If the water of the melting snows, and of the falling rain is held back by the forest leaves, grasses, mosses, and other ground vegetation, if it is protected by the forest shade from the hot sun and the drying breezes, if it is stored up as in a sponge by the mass of thread-like roots, dead leaves, decayed wood, etc., until it can soak down into the ground and supply the sources of the underground streams,—the yearly supply of water will not be wasted, but may be made to last through the whole summer.

"The old oaken bucket" will not drop down into an empty well; springs will bubble forth from the hillsides, and send their steady streams down through the meadows to feed the ever-flowing currents of the rivers.

The forests themselves will offer great cooling areas, condensing surfaces, which

will invite the passing shower, and cause the clouds to drop their moisture upon the waiting crops around; and desolate regions will become the homes of happiness, security, and plenty.

Forests are a Protection against Injurious Winds.

All through the region between the eastern boundary of the Indian Territory, Kansas, and Nebraska, and 105° west longitude, there are *dry winds from the south and west* which are very hurtful to both vegetable and animal life.

If *any* species of trees can be made to grow there, forming great belts of timber across the track of these injurious winds, it is very probable that other trees, and many crops might thrive which cannot now be raised. Thus, by planting trees, and caring for them for a number of years, a comparatively barren region might be converted into a fertile and productive one.

A grove or woodland that breaks the force of the *cold winds from the north and west* adds greatly to the value of a farm. This fact is everywhere recognized in the *northern prairie States*, and much tree-

planting has already been done in these States.

As a Protection against Malaria and Disease,
certain trees, in fact, all trees, have already a recognized value. The great swamps of Virginia and the Carolinas, in climates nearly similar to that of unhealthy Italy, are healthy even to the white man, so long as the forests in and around them remain; but they become very insalubrious when the woods are felled.

The flat and marshy district of the Salogne, in France, was salubrious until its woods were felled. It then became pestilential; but within the last few years, its healthfulness has been restored by forest plantations. In Germany and in India, belts of trees have been found beneficial in warding off cholera.

A lumber journal recently asserted that cholera has never prevailed in pine-producing districts. A pine forest lying to the south of the city of Rome, was infested by brigands. The authorities found it so difficult to catch these robbers in their secure *hiding-place*, that they finally ordered the *forest to be cut down*.

The robbers disappeared, it is true, but poor Rome was infested with disease and pestilence. The abbey of "Three Fountains," near Rome, was considered one of the worst places for fever. Its condition was much improved in three years by plantations of the Eucalyptus tree. This tree has been used with the same good effect in the French settlements in Algeria.

Forests Prevent the Shifting of Wind-driven Sand.

The most remarkable instance of this is afforded by the once dreary region in the extreme southwestern part of France. Here plantations of the maritime pine, have in a few years transformed over 4,000 square miles of poverty-stricken country into populous hives of an intelligent and thrifty population.

In the lower part of the valley of the Wisconsin River, much loss is experienced by the drifting of the sand. Driven by the prevailing west winds, the sand covers and ruins fields and gardens, and in many cases, even fences.

A few belts of timber running across that valley would be worth many times

their cost in preventing this annoying condition of things.

Forests Prevent the Increase of Noxious Insects.

They do this in two ways: They shelter birds, Nature's great insect police; second, they stop the progress of many species of insects such as grasshoppers and locusts, which scourge some of the Western States.

It is said that the chinch-bug, so much dreaded by wheat growers, never traverses a belt of thick trees, as much as seven or eight rods in width. So, too, it is affirmed that winds carrying the fungus called wheat-rust deposit their baleful load if they find a forest in their track.

Adapted from an Article in "The Chautauquan."

Spell:—

lī'a blə	eon dēns'ing	de eāyəd'	chōl'e rā
ā're āʒ	dēs'o lāt'ing	sē eū'ri tŷ	pre vālləd'
in tēnsə'	chīnch'-būg	sīm'i lar	rē'cent lŷ
frēsh'ets	ēū ea lŷp'tus	Al gē'ri ā	as sērt'ed
dwīn'dlə	ō ver whēlməd'	mār'i tīmə	dām'ağ ing

Synonyms—*hinder*—stop; interrupt; counteract; thwart; oppose; obstruct; debar; arrest; check; retard; delay. *injurious*—harmful; hurtful; baleful; baneful; pernicious.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: THE EVILS WHICH FORESTS PREVENT.

I. *Introduction*—1. Describe the appearance of this country as it must have looked to Hudson, Captain John Smith, Raleigh, De Soto, or any other early explorer. What was its climate? The condition of its rivers, harbors, etc.?

2. What changes would they see, could they return now?

II. *Forests prevent*:—1. *Washing soil from hillside*;—What be-comes of this soil? What two-fold harm does this do?

2. *Floods and Droughts*;—by holding moisture, and inviting rain.

3. *Sand-drifts,—and injury done by dry, cold, or malarial winds.*

4. *Insects from increasing*;—How?

5. *Districts from becoming barren and unhealthy; and rivers from becoming unnavigable.*



LESSON LXXII.

tra dī'tions, *unwritten history;*
tales and events told and handed
down.

sūm'mits, *the tops of the trees.*

vāles, *valleys.*

lithē, *nimble; flexible; pliant.*

quīv'ered, *carrying a quiver or*
sheath filled with arrows.

seer, *a prophet.*

sheer, *clear; transparent.*

plūmed, *adorned with plumes.*

shāg'gy, *rugged.*

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek—

My father's ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide,
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And laborers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales and woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer that bounding go
O'er hills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when this soil was ours;
Hither the silent Indian maid

Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshiped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie

The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the moldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth—
Or the young wife that weeping gave
Her first born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow

In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go

Toward the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the Western Sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,

To which the white men's eyes are blind,
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,

And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,

Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled

The fresh and boundless wood,
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more.

The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
*The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spell :—

rĭăğă	prănc'ĭng	plough (or	plow)
hērdŭ	trăp'pĭngŭ	chă'r'i ot	whĭrl
brĭm	prôs'trătă	shăg'gŭ	shōrn
ăŷ	grăp'plă'	fŭr'rōwŭ	dēs'ert

Synonyms.—*chieftain*—chief; commander; leader; head; captain. *lessening*—diminishing; decreasing; abating; reducing. *worshiped*—adored; revered; revered; honored; hallowed; venerated. *wreath*—garland; chaplet.

LESSON LXXIII.

fŏr'est rŷ, the science of managing a forest.

fŏr'est er, one who has charge of a forest.

e nŭ'mer â'ted, made separate mention of.

vĭ'tal, necessary to life.

thrĕat'enĕd, menaced.

mărk'et ĭng, buying or selling.

pă'tri ot ĭŝm, love of country.

sŷm mĕt'rie al, in perfect proportions.

FORESTRY.

Very few people in this country know that there is such a science as forestry. Fewer still have studied it either as a science, or admired it as an art. It is both a science and an art.

Forestry, as a science, deals with questions of vital importance to us as a nation. We have enumerated some of the evils which ignorance of this science has threat-

ened to bring upon us, and now we must look to it alone, as a means to remedy those evils, and to prevent us from incurring others.

Two important things, forestry will impress upon us: first, that we must keep the forests which we have; second, that we must plant new ones.

But, how shall we keep the forests when the demand for lumber, timber, tan-bark, etc., is daily on the increase, rather than on the decrease?

Forestry does not forbid the cutting down of trees; on the contrary, it urges the woodman to do so. It cautions him, however, to be careful in his cutting. It points out to him *which* trees he shall cut down, as most suitable for his purpose, and tells him which trees shall remain standing, so as to best insure the future growth of the forest.

The forester goes thoughtfully through the woods, thinning out the crowded places; removing the old and full-grown timber; leaving the young trees standing, and giving them more room to spread out their broad *branches*.

Thus, the forest thrives and grows. In-

stead of disappearing, it lives on, continuing to yield year after year its valuable products; furnishing employment to the woodman, wealth to its owner, and material to the thousands of industries which, to a greater or less extent, depend upon it.

The groves, and woods, and forests are not destroyed. They live on in their everlasting, yet ever-changing beauty, the homes and glad haunts of birds; the healthful retreat for the wearied and sick; the themes of poets; the visions of painters; the temples of God where all nature assembles to worship the great Creator.

Forestry asks and answers many such questions as these:—

I. In what situations, and in what places shall we keep our forests, and where shall we plant new ones?

II. What kinds of trees shall we raise in any particular place, or in certain places?

III. At what age, and in what way shall we cut the trees of each kind in a given region?

IV. What are the best methods of marketing forest products to secure the *greatest profit*?

V. How shall we protect trees from disease, from robbery, and from fires?

VI. How shall we secure the planting of trees in numbers sufficient to supply, in the shortest possible time, the enormous waste of the past years?

A possible answer to the latter question has been found in the institution of "Arbor Day."

The observance of this day throughout the schools of the United States, will result not only in the planting of millions of trees, but it will arouse and call into being a sentiment which will become national. It will lead us as by a new inspiration to sing with a deeper and truer meaning, our country's anthem,

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy groves and templed hills."

Let the children of the city, if possible, as well as those of the village and farm, plant trees. Let them learn *how* to plant them, *when* to plant them, *why* they plant them, and the *best* kinds of trees to plant.

Let us constantly remind them, too, that *a tree must* be, not only *planted* but, like

every living thing, it must be *tenderly cared for* in its infancy and during the years of its early growth.

“Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.”

Let the children be inspired with an enthusiastic love for trees. Let us awaken in them a pride in the tree or trees which they plant, so that they will not allow them to become stunted, gnarled, or crooked; but vigorous and symmetrical in their growth.

Moral lessons of deep and pure worth are brought home to the hearts of the children in this “planting of trees”:—

The unselfishness of cheerfully “sowing that others may reap;” the nobility of mind which prompts them to plant with gladness a tree whose shade they may never hope to enjoy, whose fruit they may never hope to pluck; the patriotism which finds expression, not in a desire “to die for their country,” but in wishing to live noble, unselfish, and useful lives; each leaving his country the better for his having lived in it—better, if only in the existence of one more beautiful tree.

Spell:—

in sū'rə'	ān'them	sū't'a blə	Är' bor-däy
gnär'ləd	prōmpts	ex'lst'ençə	ob'serv'ançə
re'jion	thīn'nīng	īn'dus trī'ēs	īn'spi rā'tion
crowd'ed	vīg'or əūs	in eūr'ring	en thū'si āst'ie

Synonyms.—*sentiment*—feeling; thought; opinion; sensibility. *suitable*—fitting; proper; adapted to; accordant with. *enthusiasm*—zeal; fervor; inspiration; ardor; passion. *vigorous*—strong; healthy; robust; energetic. *remedy*—cure; counteraction; restorative; reparation; aid; help; assistance.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: How SHALL FORESTS BE PROTECTED?

I. By keeping the forests which we still have.

1. How shall we get timber and other products?
2. What employment for the woodman?
3. How will forests profit their owners?
4. Will they not grow old and die?
5. Do trees suffer from disease?
6. Are forests destroyed by fires?
7. What laws should be made in this country?

II. By cultivating more and more trees.

1. Where shall trees be planted?
 2. When should they be planted?
 3. What kind of trees for *use? health? beauty? protection*, etc.?
 4. What is *Arbor Day* and its object?
-

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: BENEFITS OF A FOREST.

Introduction.—Suppose that many different persons visit a forest, will not each one have his own idea of its value, and will he not estimate its benefits by the *pleasure or profit it might bring to himself?*

1. The *owner* thinks, "Now, how shall I manage this forest so as to bring me a large sum of money," etc., etc.

2. The woodman estimates the number of good "work-days."
3. The lumberman? tanner? ship-builder? architect? cooper? etc., etc., thinks?
4. The chemist? the dyer thinks?
5. How does the hunter look at it? The picnic party?
6. How does it appear to the lover of nature? to the poet? the painter? to the weary, dusty traveler? to the invalid?

LESSON LXXIV.

FACTS ABOUT TREES AND PLANTS.

Oldest trees—Cedars of Lebanon, 3500 years; Parliament oak, 1500 years; Baobab tree in Africa, 5000 years.

Largest trees—Baobab; Cypress of Mexico, 93 feet in circumference; Giant pines of California, 100 feet in circumference; Banyan tree of India, shelter an army of 7000 men; large trees of Australia, Eucalyptus tree, 400 feet high.

Trees with large leaves—date-palm, leaves 14 feet long; traveler's tree of Madagascar, leaves 4 to 6 feet wide; banana tree; fig tree, etc.

Trees of cold climates—willow, alder, birch, pine, ash, fir, spruce, aspen, larch.

Trees of temperate climates—pine, birch, willow, oak, beech, elm, maple, chestnut, walnut, locust, sycamore, linden, ash, arbor-vitæ, yew, larch, cottonwood, gum tree, tulip tree, mulberry, poplar.

Trees of warm climates—magnolia, palmetto, live oak, laurel, cotton, cork-oak, stone-pine, oleander, cedar, tea, eucalyptus, acacia, teak, box-wood.

Trees of torrid climate—coffee, mahogany, cacao, Mauritius palm, banana, mangrove, cotton, Juvia tree, caoutchouc, or India-rubber, cinchona tree,

tree-fern, oil-palm, nutmeg tree, cinnamon tree, allspice, baobab, ebony, sago palm, camphor, sandalwood, rose-wood.

Fruit trees—temperate—apple, pear, peach, quince, plum, apricot, cherry, etc. **Warm**—orange, lemon, citron, shaddock, olive, fig, pomegranate, almond. **Torrid**—pineapple, banana, mangosteen, tamarind, bread-fruit, date, plantain, mango.

Trees and plants whose saps or juices are useful—*maple*, *date-palm*, and *sugar-cane*, for sugar; *caoutchouc*, for India-rubber; *acacia*, for gum-arabic; *gutta-percha tree*; *sumach*, for gum copal; *pine* and *fir*, oil of turpentine, tar, and pitch; *aloes*, juice of aloe; *poppy*, opium; *cow tree* of South America, yields from incisions made in its trunk, a sweet, milky fluid which takes the place of milk.

Trees producing useful bark—*hemlock*, for tanning leather; *cork oak*, yields cork; *cinnamon tree*, spice; *cinchona tree*, yields Peruvian bark, from which quinine is made; *black oak*, a yellow dye.

Trees and plants producing oil—*pine*, *birch*, and *fir*, oil of turpentine; *olive-oil*, from kernel of fruit; *cocoa-nut oil*, from kernel; from the *seeds of French turnips*, rape oil; from *flax*, linseed oil; from *Palma Christi plant*, castor oil; *hemp* and *cotton seeds* also yield oils.

Trees and plants yielding useful roots—*rhubarb*, *licorice*, *ginger*; *mandioc palm* yields cassava and tapioca; *gum camphor* is extracted from the root of the *cinnamon tree*.

The leaves of the tea tree and male holly are used as a beverage.

The buds of the clove tree form the spice.

The pods of vanilla and tamarind form flavor and food.

The seed of coffee berry is used to make a beverage.

The seed of cacao tree is made into chocolate.

The seed or kernel of the fruit of the *butter tree* makes a kind of sweet butter.

The pith of the sago palm is used for food.

Trees and plants furnishing dye-stuffs—*mulberry tree*, fustic, a yellow dye; *log-wood*, dark red and black; *Brazil wood* and *Nicaragua wood*, bright red; *leaves of indigo* and *woad plants*, blue; *madder root*, reddish brown; *orchilla*, rich red; *woad*, yellow.

Remarkable trees—*Doom Palm*, *Banyan tree*; *water tree* is described as a tree of ordinary size found on Ferro Island; it has long evergreen leaves; on its top rests continually a small cloud, supplying moisture to the leaves, and pouring a constant stream of cool water to the ground.

Narcotics—*tobacco*, leaf of plant; *opium*, gum of the white poppy; *hashish*, made from leaves of common hemp; *betel nut and leaves* of the betel tree of Asia; *Coca*, dried leaf of shrub found in Peru and Bolivia.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : THE BEAUTIES OF THE FOREST.

1. Describe its appearance in spring; in summer; in autumn; in winter, as *you* have seen it.
2. Describe a *tropical forest* as you imagine it.
3. Describe the lone, dreary *forests of the North*.
4. *Forest beauties*—the flowers, vines, shrubs, mosses, springs, rocks, streams, cascades, animal life in the woods.
5. *Sounds in the forest*—the winds, leaves, rippling and falling water, the birds, insects, squirrels, etc., etc.
6. *Pleasures of the forest*:—To the hunter; the naturalist; the poet; the artist; the weary and sick.
7. *What poets* have written of the Beauties of the Forest, and quote some fine passage or passages from them.

EXERCISE FOR MIND AND PEN.

1. What is a forest? a wood? a grove?
2. Where are the great forest regions of our country?
3. Where are the great forest regions of the world?
4. Name trees of the cold, the temperate, the warm, and the torrid climates.
5. Which of them shed their leaves in autumn?
6. Which of them retain their foliage throughout the year?
7. Write a list of the trades which require wood.
8. Write a list of articles made from the various kinds of trees.
9. What uses are made of young, lithe timber?
10. What use is made of charcoal? tree bark? turpentine? tar? pitch? wood-pulp, etc., etc.?
11. Write lists of evergreen trees, nut-bearing trees, cone-bearing trees.
12. Name trees of useful leaves, blossoms, fruits, seeds, roots, bark, pith, juices.
13. Write lists of beautiful trees, old trees, large trees, tall trees, broad trees, slender trees, timber trees, rapid-growing, and slow-growing trees, trees with large, with small, and with needle-shaped leaves, etc., etc.
14. Describe some remarkable trees of the world.
15. Write a list of the various kinds of apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, etc.

LESSON LXXV.

dis'āstrəŭs, <i>causing great loss.</i>	seŏrn'ing, <i>turning from any thing as if of no value.</i>
büs'tle, <i>quick or hurried motion.</i>	yŏkəd, <i>joined together with har-</i>
freight, <i>cargo; a load.</i>	stŏrk, <i>a bird.</i> [ness.
bŏbbəd, <i>cut off short.</i>	elät'ter ing, <i>making a loud</i>
mŏörəd, <i>tied fast, as a ship to</i>	mĭm'ie, <i>imitation.</i> [noise.
rārə'lĭ, <i>seldom.</i> [land.	

HOLLAND.

Holland is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land, or Contrary-land; for, in nearly every-

thing, it is different from other parts of the world.

In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes have been built at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs.

On certain parts of the coast, it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure.

Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results follow. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages.

Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork, on the house-peak, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in the neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she.

Water-bugs dart backward and forward above *the* heads of the chimney swallows; and willow-trees seem drooping with shame,

because they cannot reach so high as the reeds near by.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers, and lakes are everywhere to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields, stretching damply beside them. One is tempted to ask: "Which is Holland—the shores or the water?"

The very verdure, that should be confined to the land, has made a mistake and settled upon the fish ponds. In fact, the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, or, as the English poet, Butler, called it—

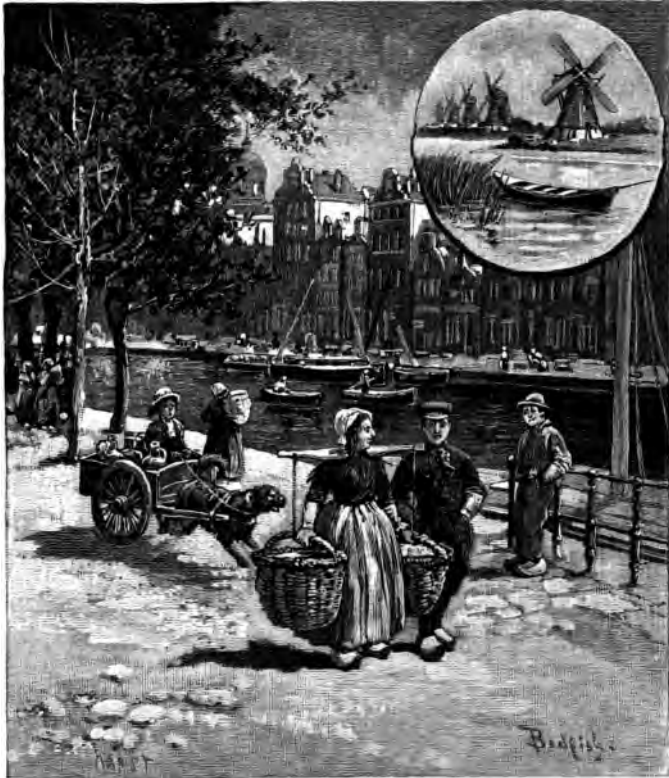
'A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go 'aboard.'

Persons are born, live, and die, and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs, with a tucked up sort of air, as if to say, "We intend to keep dry if we can."

Even the horses wear a wide stool on *each* hoof to lift them out of the mire.

It is a glorious country in summer for bare-footed girls and boys. Such wadings!

Such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing, and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles where one can launch



chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip!

But enough. A full recital would set all *Young America* rushing in a body toward *the Zuyder Zee*.

Dutch cities seem, at first sight, to be a bewildering jumble of houses, bridges, churches, and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples, and trees. In some cities boats are hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts, and receive their freight from the upper windows.

Mothers scream to their children not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned. Water roads are more frequent there than common roads and railroads; water-fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose pleasure-ground, farm, and garden.

Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences, such as we have in America, are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Hollander would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea.

There is no stone there excepting those great masses of rock that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast.

All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in *pavements*, or quite melted away. Boys, *with strong, quick arms*, may grow from

aprons to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings, or set the rabbits flying.

The water roads are nothing less than canals crossing the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap.

Water-omnibuses constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water-drays are used for carrying fuel and merchandise.

Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn, and from barn to garden; and the farms are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick.

The city boats, with their rounded sterns, gilded bows, and gayly-painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; a Dutch wagon with its funny little crooked pole is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

One thing is clear, you may think that the inhabitants need never be thirsty. But *no*, *Odd-land* is true to itself still. With

the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers, and ditches, in many districts there is no water that is fit to swallow.

Our poor Hollanders must go dry, or send far inland for that precious fluid, older than Adam, yet young as the morning dew.

Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower, when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the sailors told of in a famous poem, who saw

“Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!”

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge seabirds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into all sorts of odd shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow, or red.

Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women, and children, go clattering *about* in wooden shoes with loose heels.

Husbands and wives lovingly harness themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their produce to market.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Spell:—

lěak	flū'ld	wād'Ing	dāz'zIng
keels	gīld'ed	sāt'ū rāt'ed	house-pěaks
stěrn	erōak'Ing	Zuy'der Zee	ōm'ni būs'es
ea nāl'	slouchəd (t)	(zoi'der zā)	měr'chan dīsē

EXERCISE IN SYNONYMS.

Fill up the blank spaces with words that are synonymous with those used in the text.

Holland is one of the ——— under the sun. ——— dikes have been ——— at a ——— of ——— and labor. The most ——— follow. A Hollander would ——— his hands in ——— at the ———. Water-omnibuses ——— up and down these roads for the ——— of passengers. A ——— would set Young America ——— in a body toward the Zuyder Zee. Dutch cities seem a ——— jumble of ——— bridges, churches, an ——— sprouting into masts, ——— and trees. The ——— North Holland Ship Canal, which is the ——— of the world, to those which a boy can ———. A ——— poem.

How wonderful a being is man, when viewed in the light of his achievements.

J. G. HOLLAND.

LESSON LXXVI.

<i>Elýs'ian, pertaining to the abode of the blessed after death.</i>	<i>ăl'mön er, the one who dis-tributes alms, in a religious house.</i>
<i>věst'üre, a robe; clothing.</i>	<i>să'vor, taste; flavor.</i>
<i>deîgn, to condescend.</i>	<i>lōath'ing, extreme disgust.</i>
<i>ěx'əl tā'tion, the act of raising high.</i>	<i>thrěsh'öld, the door-sill; the place of entrance.</i>
<i>eör'ri dör, a gallery or passage-way leading to apartments independent of each other.</i>	<i>In'ter vëně', to come, or be, between persons or things; to come between points of time.</i>
<i>It'er ā'tion, repetition.</i>	

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian,

Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the center
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration

He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When, alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
“Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!”

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,

Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,

When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Summoned him to feed the poor.
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning,
 When the Blessed Vision said,
 "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Spell :—

lě'gend	erū'ci fīed	de'ign'est	ēc'sta sý
splēn'dor	eōn trī'tion	pōrt'alş	vīş'it ant
ā'ū'di blē	un wōnt'ed	bēg'gar	çe lēs'tial
rāpt'ūrē	ap pāl'ing	ā'ō'nieş	bēs'tial
gār'ment	sāe'ra ment	āt'ū tūdē	lū'mi nōūs

COMPOUND WORDS.

Analyze the following compound words into the simple words of which each is composed :—

no'body	no'where	good-by'	hālf'-moon
a'ny-body	wash'-tub	vine'yard	hālf'-breed
some'body	white'wash	work'shop	snow'-drift
news'paper	some'where	work'man	snow'-ball
a'ny-where	ev'ery-where	good-night'	snow'-flake

Thus: *newspaper* = *news* and *pa'per*.



LESSON LXXVII.

ān'guish, <i>agony; distress; pain.</i>	vle'tim, <i>a person or living thing</i>
ās'peet, <i>appearance.</i>	<i>sacrificed for a purpose.</i>
prīn'çi pāl'i ty, <i>the territory</i>	věn'om dūs, <i>poisonous.</i>
<i>of a prince.</i>	de līv'er, <i>rescue; save.</i>

THE BLACKSMITH OF REGENBACH.

In the principality of Hohenlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Württemberg, is a village called Regenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following event took place:—One afternoon in early autumn, in the tavern room of Regenbach, several men and women, assembled from the village, sat at their ease.

The blacksmith formed one of the merry company. He was a strong man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but with such a good-natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fist like a forge-hammer, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room—a great powerful beast, with a frightful aspect; his head hanging

down, his eyes bloodshot, his lead-colored tongue half-way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs.

Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal than he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, in a horrified voice, "Good heavens! the dog is mad!"

Then arose a terrible outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance—no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left—none could pass him without being bitten. This increased the fearful confusion.

With horror depicted upon their countenances, all sprang up and shrunk from the dog.

Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and, as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he *formed* a resolution, the like of which is

scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for noble self-devotion.

“Back, all!” thundered he, in a deep, strong voice. “Let no one stir; for none can vanquish the beast but me! One victim must fall, in order to save the rest; I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so, make your escape.”

The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started toward the shrieking people.

But he went not far. “With God’s help!” cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

A terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death that must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, howling brute, till all had escaped.

He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping *with blood* and venomous foam, he left the

room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows.

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own.

"Be quiet; do not weep for me," he said; "one must die in order to save others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long nor too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad."

He went straight to his work-shop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock; then, with his own hands, welded it upon his limbs and around the anvil firm.

"There," said he, "it is done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work.

"Now you are secured. So long as I live, bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could have saved the brave man; neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers.

Madness seized him, and after nine days he died.

He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through, and you will not find an action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man—the smith of Regenbach.

Spell:—

en sūə'	de plet'ed	ex çəss'ivə	glō'ri ōūs
əŭ'tūmən	in erēased'	mīſ'era blə	ġen'er ā'tion
ən'trançə	hōr'ri fiəd	sōl'emn lŷ	əoun'te nançə
shrĭek'ing	blōəd'-shōt	stāġ'ġer'ing	sēlf'-devō'tion

Synonyms.—*completed*—performed; executed; finished; accomplished; fulfilled; consummated; concluded; effected. *venerated*—revered; revered; adored. *sublime*—grand; exalted; lofty; noble; majestic; elevated. *lamenting*—mourning; bewailing; deploring; bemoaning; weeping; grieving. *ferocious*—fierce; savage; furious; barbarous.

Spell the plural of the following words:—

stō'rŷ	eālf	fō'li ō	chīſ'əl
watçh	thĭef	stū'di ō	fāe'to rŷ
pul'ley	knīfə	eām'e ō	trāv'el er
sōl'dier	chŭrch	to mē'tō	chĭm'nəŷ

LESSON LXXVIII.

vāgŭe, *indefinite; not clear.*

tōast, *to name when a health is
drank.*

brōd'-elōth, *fine woolen cloth
for men's garments.*

ās'tral, *an Argand lamp.*

rānk, *high social position.*

gār'nishēd, *ornamented; em-
bellished.*

spīn'et, *a musical instrument.*

re pīn'er, *one who complains.*

hūmmed, *sung in low tone.*

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed, as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

*"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."*

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Look out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and toil and pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle and astral burned,

*And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug.*

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LESSON LXXIX.

erisp, *sharp; strong.*

trëss'es, *curls of hair.*

pör'trait, *exact likeness.*

dis fig'ured, *defaced; marred.*

witch'ing, *suited to enchantment.*

mäd'dened, *crazed with fright.*

fäin, *gladly; willingly.*

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be disturbed.

"But I'm tired of the kitty,
Want some other thing to do.
Writing letters, are you, mamma?
Can't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letter—
Can, if you will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses,
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news,"
And I smiled as down the staircase,
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;
“Mamma’s writing lots of letters,
I’m a letter, Mary—see!”

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o’er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door;
“I’m a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

“’Cause this letter’s going to papa—
Papa lives with God, you know;
Mamma sent me for a letter—
Do you think that I can go?”

But the clerk in wonder answered,
“Not to-day, my little man.”
“Then I’ll find another office,
’Cause I must go if I can.”

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted;
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended,
Papa's letter was with God.

LESSON LXXX.

hí'ber náte, <i>to pass the winter in a torpid or numb condition.</i>	spáwn'ing, <i>to deposit eggs as the fish or frog.</i>
Ír i dēs'cent, <i>colored like the rainbow.</i>	ap prén'tice, <i>one bound out for a certain time to learn a trade.</i>
prī mē'val, <i>of the first ages.</i>	scal'lop, <i>a shell-fish.</i>

ABOUT FISH AND FISHING.

When any portion of the earth is settled by civilized man, changes at once begin. The untilled plain, the primeval forest, the bridgeless river, the swamp, the jungle, are all obstructions which must be removed from the highway of "progress." The New World has, in two centuries, become in very truth a new world.

Not less important have been the changes in the life in the waters. In many of our streams and lakes, the fish formerly so abundant, have been entirely exterminated.

It has never been shown that *sea-fish* have been greatly diminished in numbers by hook-and-line fishing, or by netting them at a distance from shore. But in the inland, or *fresh-water* fisheries, the work of extermination has been most thorough.

RESIDENT FISHES.

Fishes may be grouped, according to their *habits*, into two classes—resident and mi-

gratory. Both may be found in fresh water, and also in the sea.

Among resident fresh-water fishes, are the perch, the catfish, suckers and dace, the pike and pickerel, and the black bass.

Resident sea-fishes are represented by the flounders, cod, sheep's-head, blackfish and sea bass, which are found near the shore in winter as well as summer.

HABITS OF RESIDENT FISHES.

In cold climates, resident fishes go into deeper water to avoid the cold, and if they cannot get beyond its reach, they go to sleep, or hibernate.

The carp, and many other kinds of fish, burrow into "kettles," or holes in the mud in the bottom of the pond, where they remain for months. A hibernating fish may be frozen solid in the middle of a cake of ice, and emerge when thawed out, unharmed.

MIGRATORY FISHES AND THEIR HABITS.

Migratory fishes are those which wander from season to season. The mackerel, the bluefish, the menhaden, and the porgy come *near our northern coasts only in the summer, and in winter retreat either to the*

south, or far out at sea unknown. The smelt and the sea-herring retreat farther north in summer, and only appear in quantity on the Atlantic coast of the United States in the colder months of the year.

Then, there are migratory fishes which part of the year move up into the rivers. The shad and the river-herrings leave the sea in the spring and ascend to the heads of the rivers to spawn.

Still more remarkable is the eel; it breeds in the sea, where the male eels always remain. The young females, when as large as darning-needles, ascend in the spring to inland lakes and streams, there to remain for three or four years. When they are fully grown, they descend to the salt water of the sea, reproduce their kind, and die.

There are also migratory fish in fresh water which live deep down in the great lakes, and swim up into the shallows and creeks in winter to spawn their eggs. These are whitefish, the salmon, and the trout.

For a similar purpose, the brook-trout and dace ascend from the pools and quiet meadow waters to the pebbly ripples near *the springs*.

Fish, as a general rule, lay their eggs in shallow water, and the time of egg-laying depends very closely upon the temperature of the water. As soon as the water has reached a certain degree of warmth—which varies with each kind of fish—the eggs are sure to be laid in a very few hours.

Great schools of fish always congregate together at one time at the spawning place; the water is generally shallow; the fish are at that time most easily caught; therefore, the most extensive fisheries are carried on in the spawning season. The little smelts which our neighbors in Maine send us in winter packed in boxes of snow, are always full of eggs. So are also the shad, the lake whitefish, herring, cod, and mackerel.

How easy it is to diminish the numbers of fish each year, simply by catching them! If I could take the reader with me next May to one of the many little streamlets of Cape Cod flowing southward into Nantucket Sound, I could show him a scene which he would never forget.

The little rill has been encased at bottom and sides with planks, so that it flows *for a mile* or two in a straight trough not

over fifteen inches wide, and a foot in depth. At a convenient level place, a shed has been built over the trough, and in the floor a kind of cistern has been constructed. Into and out of this cistern the water of the trough flows as it goes on its course.

In the shed stand two men, each with a great scoop of netting, dipping the fish out of the cistern as fast as the water carries them into it. The little fish were on their way from the sea, swimming up toward the head of the stream to their spawning place, and here they are caught.

Several barrels are taken out every day, and in some of these streams, one or two thousand barrels a season. Dip! dip! dip it is all day long, and as the little fish are tumbled into barrels and carts, the eye notes their plump sides and the brilliant iridescent coloring of the silvery scales, which indicate that the fish are loaded with a precious burden of eggs.

Every year, of course, the fishes are fewer in number. Many brooks have already been completely robbed of their fish.

To modify this wholesale destruction, towns have passed laws requiring that the

brooks shall be unobstructed for one or two days each week. So, a few fish manage to get by each week, and are allowed to go on and lay their eggs.

In some places, impassable dams have been built across the rivers and streams; the fish have been thus locked out, they could not get up to their spawning places, and their kind have disappeared from those regions.

For instance, in the Connecticut River, salmon existed in immense numbers in the colonial days. They were so abundant that, as the old story goes, the apprentices used to stipulate in their papers that they should not be required to eat salmon above three times a week. In 1798, a dam was built across the river at Miller's Falls, and in less than ten years, salmon had entirely disappeared from the Connecticut.

The dams operate in still another way. They not only prevent fish from going up the rivers to spawn, but they prevent the resident fish from swimming down stream into deeper water and wider pools, where *they get more room and better food.*

The streams of this country have thus

been gradually sifted out and left tenantless. Ponds have been drained dry in order to get all the fish in them. The fact stands undisputed, that in many parts of the United States the native fish are actually exterminated.

Oysters, scallops, and lobsters are going the same way. Although they live in free waters, they are stationary in their habits, and wholesale gathering will soon complete the work of extermination so recklessly begun. Oyster production must soon cease to be a free enterprise. It must be placed on the same footing as agriculture, or the United States will lose its beloved oyster crop, and in this country, as in England, a fresh oyster will be worth as much as a fresh-laid egg.

But is there no way to remedy these evils?

PROF. G. BROWN GOODE—*Adapted.*

Spell:—

oys'ter	trough	thór'ōugh	ōp'er ātə
lōb'ster	pēb'blŷ	fīsh'er lēs	rē'pro dūçə'
thawəd	rīp'plet	im pās's'a blə	Nan tūčk'et
rēs'i dent	çis'tern	eōn'gre gātə	ex tēr'mi nātə

Write from Dictation:—

Among resident fresh-water fish, may be mentioned, pērch, dāçə, pikə, plək'er el, eāt'fish, stūčk'ers.

blăck băss, and cārp. Resident sea fishes are typified by the floun'ders, cōd, sheep's'-hēad, blăck'fish, and sēa'băss. Among migrating fishes are măck'erel, blūe'fish, men hā'den, pōr'gy, smēlt, sēa'-hēr'ring, shăd, rīv'er-hēr'ring or ālē'wives, eels, whītē'fish, trout, sāl'm'on, and sīs'ki wīt.

Synonyms. — *stipulate* — agree; covenant; engage. *diminish* — decrease; lessen; reduce; impair; abate. *congregate* — collect; assemble; come together; to meet. *abundant* — plentiful; plenteous; ample; copious. *brilliant* — shining; splendid; sparkling; glittering; lustrous.

OUTLINES FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Subject: EELS.

1. Are they *resident* or *migratory* fishes?
2. Are they large, or small? beautiful, or plain?
3. Where do they spend the summer?
4. Where do they spend the winter?
5. What food do they eat? How old do they grow?
6. Do you know their natural enemies, or friends?
7. When and where is it best to catch them? How?
8. When and where do they lay their eggs?
9. Tell all about one of *your* fishing excursions.

Adapt the above outline to any fish named in the lesson.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION OR DISCUSSION.

Subject: DESTRUCTION OF FRESH-WATER FISHES.

1. What was once the condition of our rivers, streams, and lakes in regard to the supply of water?
2. Were fish formerly abundant in them? What kinds of fish?
3. What is the condition of the lakes, streams, and rivers now?
4. What has caused the drying up of streams in summer?
5. What have caused the death and the disappearance of so many kinds of fishes?
6. Can the condition of the streams, springs, and rivers be *improved*? By what means?
7. *Can the waters be once more stocked with fish? How?*

LESSON LXXXI.

lō'eal, <i>belonging to a certain place.</i>	dīm'i nū'tion, <i>becoming less; decreasing.</i>
āp'pa rā'tus, <i>full set of implements for work.</i>	eūlt'ūr 1st, <i>one who cultivates.</i>
in vēs'ti ġāṭe, <i>to search into with great care and accuracy.</i>	re frīg'er ā'tor, <i>an apparatus for freezing, or for keeping articles cool.</i>

FISH CULTURE.

Deer, game birds, and other animals may easily be protected in the breeding season by laws; so may trout and other fishes of strictly local habits: but the most important fisheries owe their existence to the fact that once a year these fishes gather together in closely swimming schools, to spawn their eggs.

Some fish collect in shallow waters for this purpose, some on shoals, and some in estuaries and rivers; and *if they are not caught in the spawning season, they cannot be caught at all.*

This is true of the cod, herring, sardine, shad, alewife, mullet, salmon, whitefish, smelt, and many other important fisheries. What is to be done?

Just here, the fish culturist comes in with the proposition:—"We can, by artificial

means, make fish so plenty that every fisherman may take all he can catch."

Three things must, however, first be brought about before the fish culturist can do this good work. First, the waters must be kept in good condition. Second, wasteful and immoderate fishing must be prohibited. Third, the art of fish breeding must be carefully studied.

A system of *forestry* is necessary to keep the water sources from drying up, and some system of water purification is required to keep the water's health. This is needed not only by the fish in the streams, but by the people living on the banks. It has been shown that a river which is too foul for fish to live in, is not fit to flow near the habitations of man.

In 1871, the United States established a "*Commission of Fish and Fisheries.*" The duties of this commission required them to investigate the subject of the decrease of valuable food fish in this country. They were to find out exactly what *diminution* in the number of fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States *had taken place*; what had caused the diminution,

and what means could be tried to remedy the great evil.

True fish culture is carried on at public expense, and for the public good. It must be in the hands of men trained in scientific methods of thought and work. These men must study hard and investigate carefully.

They must know the life history from beginning to end of every kind of fish which is of value; also, the histories of the animals and plants upon which they feed, or upon which their food is nourished.

They must know the histories of the enemies and friends of these fish, and the friends and foes of their enemies and friends. They must be acquainted with the currents, temperature, and other conditions of the water which influence the migration, reproduction, and growth of the fishes.

Methods of fishing, past and present, and fishing apparatus, must be examined and compared, so that improvements may be made.

The Commission must keep records and statistics of the fisheries, for the use of Congress in making treaties with other

lands, or in imposing taxes. These records also show fishermen the best markets for their fish, and inform the buyers where to purchase.

The Commission has shown wonderful activity, and very much of the improvement in the condition of our fisheries has been due to the wise and energetic management of our commissioner, Spencer F. Baird. It is hoped that, in time, every form of fish will be as well under control as are now the salmon, shad, alewife, carp, and the whitefish.

TRANSPORTING LIVING FISH.

There are two forms of fish culture. One consists in taking living fish from their own waters, and placing them in waters which have been deprived of their fish. In this way, goldfish were introduced into all parts of the world, from China, centuries ago.

In 1854, the black bass, now so abundant in the Potomac, were introduced by an engineer on the B. & O. R. R., who brought *them* over the Alleghenies in the *water-tank* of his engine. In 1873, a car, freighted *with eastern fish* intended for the waters

of California, ran off the track in Nebraska. The rivers of that region are now stocked with our best fishes.

In 1878, carp were brought by the Commission from Bavaria and planted first in Babcock Lake. From this stock, over three hundred thousand young fish have been distributed, in lots of ten, and twenty, to every part of the country.

ARTIFICIAL FISH BREEDING.

The other, and more important form of fish culture, is the art of breeding fishes. The ripe eggs are placed in a shallow pan, and then the milt is squeezed over them. Formerly, a great deal of water was placed in the pan; now, only a little water; the dry method is preferred.

The most difficult part of the work is to take care of the eggs until they are hatched, and then, to look after the young fry until they are able to take care of themselves. Apparatus have been made to suit the various requirements of the eggs; for the eggs of each kind of fish require a different *treatment*.

When it is not most convenient to care

for the young fry, the eggs are not permitted to hatch. Refrigerators are used to retard the eggs from hatching until the culturist is ready for them; and freezing does not seem to hurt the eggs any more than it does the fish.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE FISH CULTURE.

The difference between private and public fish culture is very great. Keeping ponds for carp, trout, and other domesticated species is an industry like poultry-raising and bee-keeping—very profitable to the owner, but of no interest to the public at large.

The proper object of fish culture is to stock the public waters with good food-fish in which no individual can claim the right of property.

One hundred thousand men are actively engaged in the fisheries of the United States; and, at least, one-fiftieth of the entire population of the country is, to a large extent, dependent upon the fishery industry.

Fish is the poor man's harvest; for, unlike any other kind of food product, it may *be had* for the taking. A fish swimming in *the water* has cost no man labor, time, or

money. There floats four pounds of savory shad, fifty pounds of sturgeon, a hundred barrels of whale oil; there lies a bushel of oysters, or a barrel of sponges. They are God's gift, and man has only to gather them in to have them.

Good fish ought to be sold in every town and village for two-thirds, or half, the price of beef and pork. But, as it actually is, *poor* fish costs more than pork or beef, and in many places, *good* fish cannot be had at any price.

Spell:—

strĕt'ly	nŭr'lyshĕd	prŏp'osĭ'tion	Po tŏ'mae
pŏŭlt'rŷ	ĕn'erġĕt'ic	fĕr'tilizā'tion	pro tĕet'ive
Ba vā'ri a	prŏf'itablĕ	Al'leġhe'nĭŕŕŕ	ĉĕnt'ŭrĭŕŕ
ĕst'ŭ a rĭŕŕ	com mĭs'sion	mān'āġĕment	B. & O. R. R.

Synonyms.—*retard*—impede; hinder; obstruct; detain; delay; defer; procrastinate; put off. *prohibit*—forbid; prevent; debar; hinder; preclude; interdict. *immoderate*—excessive; extravagant; unreasonable; exorbitant; intemperate. *distributed*—dispersed; dealt out; shared; divided; apportioned; allotted; assigned. *proposition*—proposal; offer; statement; declaration.

Write the compound words in this lesson. Why is the hyphen used in some of them?

LESSON LXXXII.

de tē'ri o rāt'ed, *become worse.*
tōm'-tōm, *a large, flat drum*
used by the Hindoos.

beat'ers, *natives who beat the*
jungles to drive wild beasts from
their lair toward the hunters.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR IN INDIA.

Those who have formed their conception of the pig exclusively upon the tame pig of the civilized sty, have no adequate idea of the free wild pig of the Indian jungle.

Like the North American Indian, the pig is debased by contact with civilization. He becomes cowardly, weak, dirty, and a prey to an inordinate thirst for swill. The distance between the tame Indian of Saratoga and the fierce warrior of the Western plains, is not greater than that which separates the despised pig of civilization from the wild and fearless one of the jungles.

The latter is one of the bravest inhabitants of the jungle, and has been known to attack and put to rout the majestic elephant and the ferocious tiger. It can scarcely be said with truth that a wild boar is a match for an elephant, but it sometimes *happens* that two of these animals become

involved in "a difficulty," in which case the elephant, after having had his legs badly gashed, usually comes to the conclusion that he is degrading himself by fighting his social inferior, and thereupon limps away.

The wild pig often grows to the length of four feet and eight or ten inches, and reaches the height of three feet, or even forty inches, at the shoulder. When full grown, his strength is enormous, and in speed he will sometimes rival the fastest Arabian horse.

He enters upon existence in a striped state; subsequently he becomes brown; when in the prime of life he affects a dingy black color; and when old he is gray and grizzled. At no period can he be honestly called a handsome or a graceful animal, but his courage and tenacity of life demand our respect.

In point of teeth, the tame pig has sadly deteriorated. The wild boar of India is armed with long curved tusks. Those in the lower jaw sometimes attain the length of eight or nine inches. They curve outward and upward, and the edges are kept

1

sharp by the pig's constant habit of scouring them against the tusks of the upper jaw.

The swiftness and power with which he uses those tusks to carve an enemy are almost incredible. A hunting dog is frequently cut nearly in two by a single stroke of a boar's tusks; and horses and men are occasionally killed by boars which have become tired of being hunted, and which try to infuse a little variety into the affair by hunting their enemies.

When wounded, the wild pig is an exceedingly dangerous beast to face on foot, unless the hunter is a lawless ruffian who is capable of killing him with a rifle. One can scarcely imagine an Englishman so lost to all sense of decency as to shoot a fox, and next to that crime ranks the loathsome outrage of killing a wild pig by any process except that of "pig-sticking."

The wild pig is gregarious. Several of them living together constitute "a sounder of hog." All wild pigs, however, do not live in the society of the "sounder." Frequently an aged boar whose personal habits *render him disagreeable*, or whose char-

acter fails to command respect, is expelled from his "sunder," and forced to live alone.

The solitary boars are much more dangerous than those whose ferocity has been softened by social intercourse. They are like the solitary "rogue" elephants in their savage and reckless temper, and there is no animal that they will hesitate to attack.

For "pig-sticking"—which is a favorite sport of the British soldier in India—there are two requisites in addition to the pig—a fast, steady horse, and a good hog spear. Armed with this weapon, and well mounted, the hunter rides off, sometimes alone, but usually with a gay company of brother officers, and halts on the border of the jungle while the native beaters drive the inhabitants of the jungle down toward the hunters.

When the line of spear-armed hunters is in readiness, the beaters advance, usually with shouts and the beating of "tom-toms." Presently one of them sounds a horn, and the hunters then know that the game has been started. A little later, and out from the jungle marches the "sunder," led by the patriarchal boar.

First allowing the game a fair start in advance of them, the horsemen, with poised spears, bear down upon the boar, which bounds away with a speed more worthy of an antelope than a pig.

The one secret of success at this sport, is to ride straight after the pig with all the speed the horse can muster. The pig must "lose breath" within the first two miles, or else he performs the curious respiratory feat known as "getting his second wind," in which case, the chances are that he will outrun the horse, and grunt derision at the baffled hunter.

But, to ride straight after a flying pig over a grass-grown Indian plain requires courage, as well as skillful horsemanship. There are small animals whose delight it is to make pitfalls in the ground large enough to receive a horse's hoof. When a horse is thus snared, his leg usually breaks, and his rider, after a brief trip through the air, tries the experiment of viewing the landscape in an upside-down position.

Meanwhile the pig, with grunts of sarcastic joy, has put half a mile between *himself* and his pursuer, and is mentally



prepared to
offer odds that he
will finally escape.

When riding, the hunter carries his spear with the butt down, and the point well forward in a line with his horse's ears. When closing with the pig, he aims to

reach his left side, so as to use the right arm freely.

The spear is to be inserted immediately behind the shoulder of the pig. The rush of the horse drives the spear home, and a sudden wheel to the left withdraws it, and leaves the hunter ready to receive a "charge" in case the wound is not immediately mortal. A good hunter nearly always kills the game at the first blow.

There are pigs which do not wait until they are wounded before charging. A young and high-spirited boar will abandon the attempt to escape by flight as soon as he finds that the hunter is gaining on him, and will suddenly turn, and dash at the horse's legs.

Some inexperienced hunters who were not acquainted with the courage and habits of the wild boar, have suddenly found themselves face to face with a terrible antagonist. The security and pleasure felt by the hunter on horseback, in hot pursuit, quickly gives place to danger and fear.

If the rider is master of himself and his horse, the pig is promptly dispatched. If *not*, the pig gathers the laurels of the

hunt, and rejoins his "sounder" to boast of having spoiled a horse and discomfited a British officer.

Spell :—

ăn'te lõpə	ex pəlləd'	ex elŭ'sivə lŷ
çiv'il Izəd	e nŏr'mqūs	te năç'i tŷ
rəq'ui şitə	ex pər'i ment	in erəd'i blə
fe rŏç'i tŷ	gre gā'ri qūs	re spīr'a to rŷ
də'çen çŷ	lŏath'sómə'	pā'tri āreh'al
rŭf'fian	in ōr'di nātə	Sār'a tŏ'gá
de rŷ'ion	süb'se quent lŷ	ŏr' fi çer

Synonyms—*conception*—idea ; notion ; apprehension. *adequate*—equal ; proportionate ; sufficient ; enough ; commensurate. *constitute*—to compose ; to form ; to make up. *degraded*—debased : demeaned ; lowered ; degenerated. *charge*—attack ; assault. *discomfit*—frustrate ; disconcert ; rout ; defeat ; overthrow.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : HUNTING WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

1. What is a jungle ? Where found ? What plants grow in it ? What animals live in it ?
2. Which animals of the jungle are most dangerous and difficult to hunt ?
3. Who are the "beaters" ? How, and with what do they help the hunters ?
4. Imagine *you* are taking part in a hunt after some fierce animal of the jungle, and describe :—the time ; the names and appearance of the "beaters" ; the names and character of the principal hunters ; the beating of the jungle ; the first glimpse of the ferocious animal ; the chase ; the incidents, accidents, and success of the adventure, etc., etc.

LESSON LXXXIII.

bea'eon, *a signal fire.*ant'lered, *horned.*heath'er y, *consisting of heath.*copse, *a wood of small growth.*re spōnse', *an answer or reply.*cower'ed, *crouched through fear.*fal'ter ing, *failing ; tottering.*mēt'tle, *spirit ; courage.*

THE CHASE.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Ben Voirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
 The antlered monarch of the waste
 Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,

A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along;
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With bark, and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Ben Voirlich's echoes knew.

Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe;
The falcon from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till, far beyond her piercing ken,
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn;
And silence settled wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war,
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old:
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse;
And of the trackers of a deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side,
Had the bold chase their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Monteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copse-wood gray
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned;
With flying foot the heath he spurned,

Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Spell:—

toss ed	ea reer'	eōps e
hā'zel	tā'nt'ed	fā'lon
vīg'or	fōe'men	mēr'rŷ
dānç ed	elāng'ing	elē ar ed
bēā'eon	mōn'areh	eāv'ern
mīd'nī gh t	re sound'ed	plē er c'ing

LESSON LXXXIV.

phī lān'thro pīst, <i>one who shows his love for his fellow-men.</i>	drāft, <i>a form of demand for money.</i>
çēn'te nā rŷ, <i>the 100th anniversary.</i>	de pōs'it, <i>money or valuables paid into a bank.</i>
ap prēn'tīç ed , <i>bound to another to learn a trade or business.</i>	mēr'ean tīl e , <i>commercial.</i>
	de sçēnt', <i>birth.</i>

GEORGE PEABODY.

George Peabody, the distinguished philanthropist, merchant, and banker, a "self-made man" in every sense of the word, was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. His father was of French descent, and in humble circumstances.

When George was eleven years of age, he was apprenticed to a grocer in his native town, where he remained for four years.

At the expiration of this time he desired to become acquainted with business on a larger scale.

With this object in view, after a year spent with his grandfather in Vermont, he joined his brother, David, in 1811, in a "dry goods" store which the latter had opened at Newburyport.

A fire, however, destroyed the greater part of the town, including the warehouse of the Peabodys. But George was not made of such stuff as to give way to despair.

He remembered that he had an uncle, John Peabody, who was settled in the District of Columbia; and just as the youth was thinking of going in search of him, he received an invitation from his uncle to come and join him.

The boy went, and soon became the leading man in the business intrusted to his hands. This was in May, 1812.

War with England was close at hand. Two months later a British fleet sailed up the Potomac, and menaced Washington and the neighboring ports.

In this emergency, the young clerk, *though not yet of age*, joined a volunteer

company of artillery, and did active duty for some months at Fort Warburton; "showing that he had within him the soul of a patriot, and the nerve of a soldier."

Having spent two years in the service of his uncle, we next find him attracting the attention of a Mr. Elisha Riggs, who invited young Peabody to join him in business; Mr. Riggs finding the necessary capital, and his young partner managing the business.

To all concerned, the partnership of Riggs and Peabody proved a most satisfactory arrangement.

In 1815, the business was removed to Baltimore; seven years later, its success was such as to justify the opening of branches at Philadelphia and New York.

About the year 1830, by the retirement of his partner, George Peabody found himself at the head of one of the largest mercantile firms in the United States.

Having spent several years in managing the house in Baltimore, where, in addition to his ordinary business, he undertook several important financial negotiations for the State of Maryland, Mr. Peabody next

resolved to take up his abode in England.

In 1837, he went to London. Retiring a few years later from the American firm, he established himself in that city as a merchant, banker, and money broker.

He did not become a banker in the ordinary English sense of the term; he was "like the Rothschilds and the Barings; he loaned money, changed drafts, bought stocks, and held deposits for customers: but he did not, like English bankers, pay out money."

The magnitude of his transactions perhaps fell short of one or two other great houses of the same class; but in honor, faith, punctuality, and public confidence, the firm of George Peabody & Co., of Warnford Court, London, stood second to none.

Shortly after Mr. Peabody went to London in 1837, the money affairs of the United States reached a very critical condition. American credit was shaken, and banks suspended payment one after another in quick succession.

"The default of some of the States, the temporary inability of others to meet their *obligations*, and the failure of our banks,

threw doubt and distrust on all American securities."

Credit, as far as the United States was concerned, was, for a time, paralyzed. At that moment—and it was a critical one—Mr. Peabody not only stood firm himself, but he was the cause of firmness in others.

Probably there was not at that time half a dozen other men in Europe who, upon the subject of American securities, would have been listened to for a moment in the parlor of the Bank of England.

But his judgment commanded respect; his integrity won back the reliance which men had been accustomed to place upon American securities. The word of an honest man performed the miracle of turning paper into gold.

Mr. Peabody, at this trying period, rose far above the mere financier—he placed himself in the first rank of public benefactors.

Toward Maryland, his adopted State, his services were of a special character. Under an act of the Maryland Assembly, he had been made, in 1835, one of three commissioners to obtain a loan of money for the State. The loan was obtained, and the credit

of the State, after suffering for a time, was restored.

For his services in this matter Mr. Peabody declined all compensation, but in 1848 he was rewarded by a special vote of thanks on the part of the Legislative Assembly.

In 1851, when the American productions intended for the Great Exhibition arrived in London, it was found that the portion of the building set apart for their display was a barn-like space, in which neither platform nor counter, show-case nor decoration, had been prepared.

The United States government had appropriated no funds for the purpose, and everything seemed to prophesy an utter failure.

In this dilemma, Mr. Peabody came to the rescue. Not a person connected with the Exhibition had ever seen him. But, without pretense or show, and simply that his native land might not be disgraced, he promptly supplied the sum of \$15,000.

In June, 1852, the town of Danvers celebrated the centenary anniversary of its *foundation*. A public dinner was given, but *Mr. Peabody*, being in England, could not *attend*.

He sent a letter of apology, however, inclosing a check for \$20,000 for educational purposes in his native town. This handsome donation he subsequently followed up with others on a larger scale; and the "Peabody Institute" now stands as a lasting memorial of no less than \$500,000, bestowed by Mr. Peabody as a free gift during his own lifetime.



LESSON LXXXV.

hêl'r'lôom, <i>personal property</i> <i>handed down to descendants.</i>	mu nîf'i çençê, <i>liberality ;</i> <i>generosity.</i> [tomb.
en dowəd', <i>furnished with</i> <i>money.</i>	măḡ so lě'um, <i>a grand, large</i> mîn'i a tûrê, <i>small portrait.</i>

GEORGE PEABODY—Continued.

In 1852, his money was freely given, with that of Mr. Grinnell, to fit out the brig "Advance," under Captain Elisha Kent Kane, to go in search of the English explorer, Sir John Franklin.

At his own expense he founded and endowed the Literary and Scientific Institution of Baltimore.

To the Southern Educational Fund, he contributed no less a sum than \$2,000,000.

A deed by which the name of Peabody will be longest remembered in England, his adopted country, is his noble gift of half a million pounds sterling for the purpose of erecting suitable houses to be let at low rents to the poorer people of London.

This was an act of "princely munificence," as it was styled by Queen Victoria in an autograph letter which she addressed to Mr. Peabody.

In conveying her thanks to the generous giver, her Majesty said that it was an act "which will ever carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can so little help themselves as the London poor."

All sorts of honors were offered to Mr. Peabody in recognition of his generosity; among others, "that of either a baronetcy, or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath," by the Queen herself; but he declined to accept any, wisely contenting himself with the thought that he would be *best remembered* on both sides of the *Atlantic* as plain George Peabody.

The Queen's letter was accompanied by

the offer of a beautiful miniature of her Majesty, which she desired to have painted for him.

In replying to it, Mr. Peabody said, "The portrait which your Majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me I shall value as the most precious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth; where, together with the letter which your Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as an evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom toward a citizen of the United States."

One honor, and one honor only, England conferred upon this great benefactor—that of a statue, placed near the Royal Exchange, London, which was publicly inaugurated, July, 1869, by the Prince of Wales, in the presence of the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, the governors of the Bank of England, the American minister, and a host of distinguished personages.

The freedom of the city of London was conferred on Mr. Peabody about the same time.

This great philanthropist breathed his last on the evening of November 4, 1869.

honored and esteemed by multitudes, besides those who enjoyed the privilege of his personal acquaintance.

On the 12th of the same month, the remains of Mr. Peabody were temporarily interred in Westminster Abbey, previous to their being removed to America, where, during his lifetime, he had caused a handsome mausoleum to be constructed in his native State, looking forward to the day when his bones should rest among his own people.

His remains were afterward conveyed to America on board H. M. turret-ship "Monarch," and were finally interred at Danvers—since called Peabody—February 8, 1870.

In addition to the immense wealth distributed by this benevolent millionaire during his lifetime, he left upwards of five million dollars for the benefit of his relatives.

Mr. Gladstone, a few days after the death of Mr. Peabody, made touching allusion to the event, and thus indicated the great lesson of his life: "He was a man who taught us in this commercial age, which *has* witnessed the construction of so many colossal fortunes, at once the noblest and

most needful of all lessons: *he has shown us how a man can be master of his wealth instead of being its slave.*"

Spell:—

grō'ger	měr'can tīlē	měn'açed	měr'chant
de sçent'	ěx'pi rā'tion	ar tīl'ler ŷ	dī lēm'má
erit'ie al	běn'e fāc'tor	fī nān'cial	Fěb'rų a rŷ
mīr'a elē	apprō'pri ātē	īn'vi tā'tion	me mō'ri al
a pōl'o gŷ	ar rāngē'ment	eon çernēd'	bār'on et çŷ

Synonyms.—*emergency*—exigency; necessity; pressure; urgency. *colossal*—vast; gigantic; immense; magnificent; enormous. *magnitude*—vastness; extent; greatness; bulk; great dimensions. *integrity*—honesty; probity; uprightness; virtue; rectitude. *munificence*—benevolence; bounty; generosity; liberality.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: A PHILANTHROPIST.

1. His name, birthplace, parents, and chances for an education.
2. First attempts at business. Later progress and success.
3. What generous acts did he perform?
4. In what way did he benefit his fellow-men?
5. What reward did he receive?
6. Can a poor man be a philanthropist?
7. How may a poor man show philanthropy?
8. If *you* were very rich, to what good use would you put your money?
9. Can you be philanthropic in your conduct at present?

Write about George Peabody; Peter Cooper; William Wilberforce; Sir Moses Montefiore.

LESSON LXXXVI.

al lled', *joined; united.* - | beek'on Ing, *to call by sign.*

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still:
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew;
We felt the falling of the dew;
For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But, on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—
A tender glow, exceeding fair;
A dream of day without its glare.

With us, the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them, the sunset's rosy bloom:
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine
showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy and the sunlit side!

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,
And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father! let Thy light break through!
So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;
And, in Thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

WHITTIER.

LESSON LXXXVII.

chance, *fortuity; accident.*
 mēr' it, *deserving reward.*
 as signed', *gave; allotted.*

ārch'er, *one skilled in the use of*
the bow and arrow. [chance.
 rān'dom, *done without aim; by*

THE BOY AND THE RING.

Fair chance held fast is merit. Once a king
 Of Persia had a jewel in a ring.
 He set it on the dome of Azud high,
 And, when they saw it flashing in the sky,
 Made proclamation to his royal troop
 That who should send an arrow through the hoop
 That held the gem should have the ring to wear.

It happen'd that four hundred archers were
 In the king's company about the king.
 Each took his aim, and shot, and missed the ring.

A boy at play upon the terraced roof
 Of a near building bent his bow aloof
 At random, and, behold! the morning breeze
 His little arrow caught and bore with ease
 Right through the circlet of the gem. The king,
 Well pleased, unto the boy assigned the ring.

Then the boy burnt his arrows and his bow.
 The king, astonished, said, "Why dost thou so,
 Seeing thy first shot hath had great success?"
 He answered, "Lest my second make that less."

ANONYMOUS.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

mă'r'i ner, a sailor.

năv'i gā'tion, the science and
art of conducting ships through
the water.

in ven'tion, an original con-
trivance.

lōad'stōnē, a piece of magnetic
iron ore.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

To the middle ages we are indebted for an invention which has, perhaps, had as great an influence as any other in advancing the cause of civilization and extending the boundaries of human knowledge. And it is in consequence of this invention that we tread the soil of this vast continent, which, but for it, would never probably have been discovered by the civilized world. We mean the mariner's compass.

The precise date of this invention is not known; but it is spoken of by the French and Italian writers in the twelfth century. The Amalfites, enterprising mariners in the south of Italy, seem to have been the first to apply it to navigation.

The invention at its first stage was rude and simple enough. The magnetized needle was placed in a vessel of water, upon pieces of straw or two split sticks; and it was evidently of little use when a vessel was agi-

tated by a rough sea. About the close of the thirteenth century, Flavio di Gioja, an Italian of Pasitano, a village near Amalfi, devised a method by which this inconvenience was obviated:

he suspended the nee-



dle on a pivot placed at its center, and it thus became available under all circumstances.

The box, with the points of the compass marked on its rim, was added, and thus the invention was completed, though it was subsequently much improved. The *fleur-de-lis* is said to have been placed at the

North Pole, in honor of the royal house of France, which then controlled the government of Naples, whose subject di Gioja was.

The ancients knew something of the loadstone, but never thought of applying it to navigation. Some writers, whose spirit leads them to detract as much as possible from Christian nations and to give the merit of everything to Pagans, have contended that the Chinese have invented the mariner's compass. It is, however, certain, from the letters of the earliest missionaries to China, that the species of compass formerly used by the Chinese was entirely different from our magnetic needle.

The invention just mentioned led to other great improvements. The frequent and extensive voyages undertaken by Italian navigators, greatly increased the amount of geographical knowledge. The travels of Marco Polo, the famous Venetian navigator, as well as the written accounts of the Catholic missionaries who, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, penetrated into the very heart of Asia, threw additional light upon the history, manners and customs, and geography of these distant nations.

From the ancient map made by Marco Polo, and published with learned essays by Cardinal Zurla, it appears manifest that Polo doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and visited Madagascar. The Canary Islands were also discovered by the Portuguese in the thirteenth century. Thus was the way prepared for the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492.

Spell :—

in dĕkt'ed	măġ'net Ized	vĕs'sel	de vĭzĕd'
In'flu ençĕ	çĭv'il i ză'tion	ăġ'i tăt ed	çĭv'il Ized
ad vānç'ing	ġov'ern ment	thĭr'teenth	a vāll'a blĕ

Pronounce :—

Ī tāl'ian	Vĕn ĕ'tian	Pă si tă'no	Asia (ă'shl' a)
Ça nă'rŷ	A măl'fĭtĕs	flĕur-de-lis'	Măd a ġăs'car
Măr'ĕd	Pŏ'lŏ	Flă'vio di Gioja	(jŏ'yă)

The *fleur-de-lis* is the royal insignia of France.

Questions on the Lesson.—Describe the mariner's compass. In which century was it invented, or first made? Explain its rude beginning. What is loadstone? Of what use is the compass?

Turn thy eyes back upon thyself, and see thou judge not the doings of others.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.









